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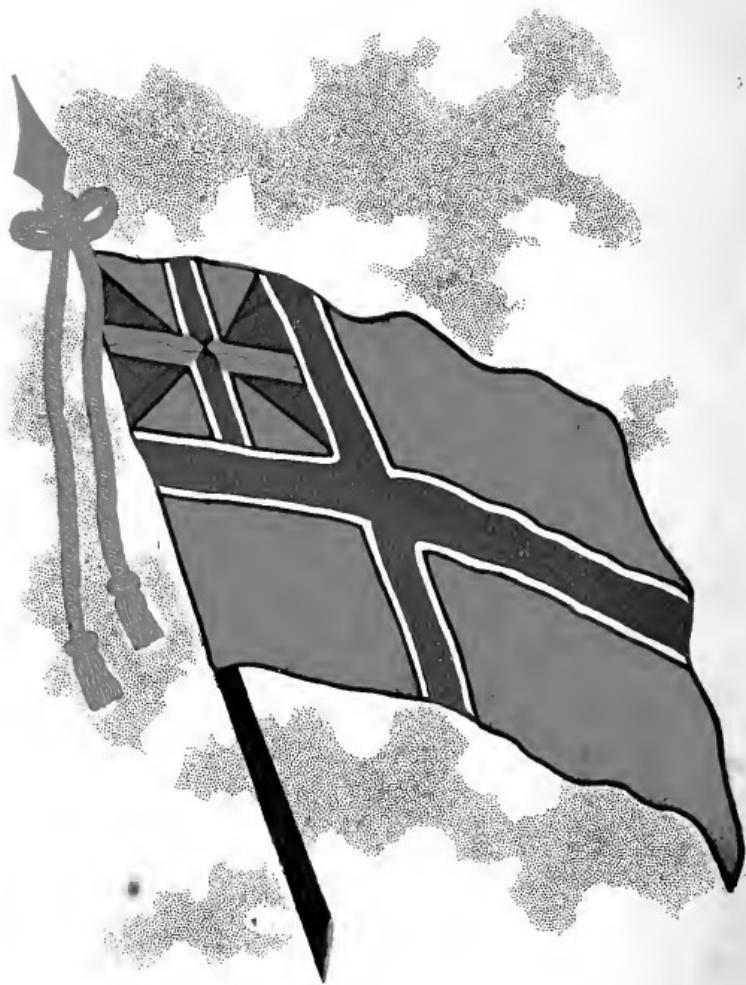
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THE FLAG OF NORWAY.

Randall, Lida E.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO NORWAY

EDITED BY
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A LITTLE JOURNEY TO NORWAY

To visit the "Land of the Midnight Sun" in any season of the year except summer would be not only to miss the midnight sun itself, but almost to see no sun at all, even in the daytime. With only four hours of dim daylight in some parts of the country, and in other parts a twilight that requires artificial lights all day long, we should find a winter visit very unsatisfactory.

The latter part of June or the first of July is the best time of all the year for a journey to Norway. At this season thousands of tourists from all over the world visit this country because of its grand and beautiful scenery.

What shall we take with us to make our journey comfortable and pleasant? Warm clothing, by all means, for in many parts of Norway snow may fall even in the middle of summer, and some of the immense snow-masses never melt. We shall need our rain-coats, too, for there are portions of this land where it rains a hundred days in the year! We shall take stout clothing for mountain-climbing, but no great amount of luggage, for there are few railways in Norway, and the native carriages are not made for carrying heavy baggage.

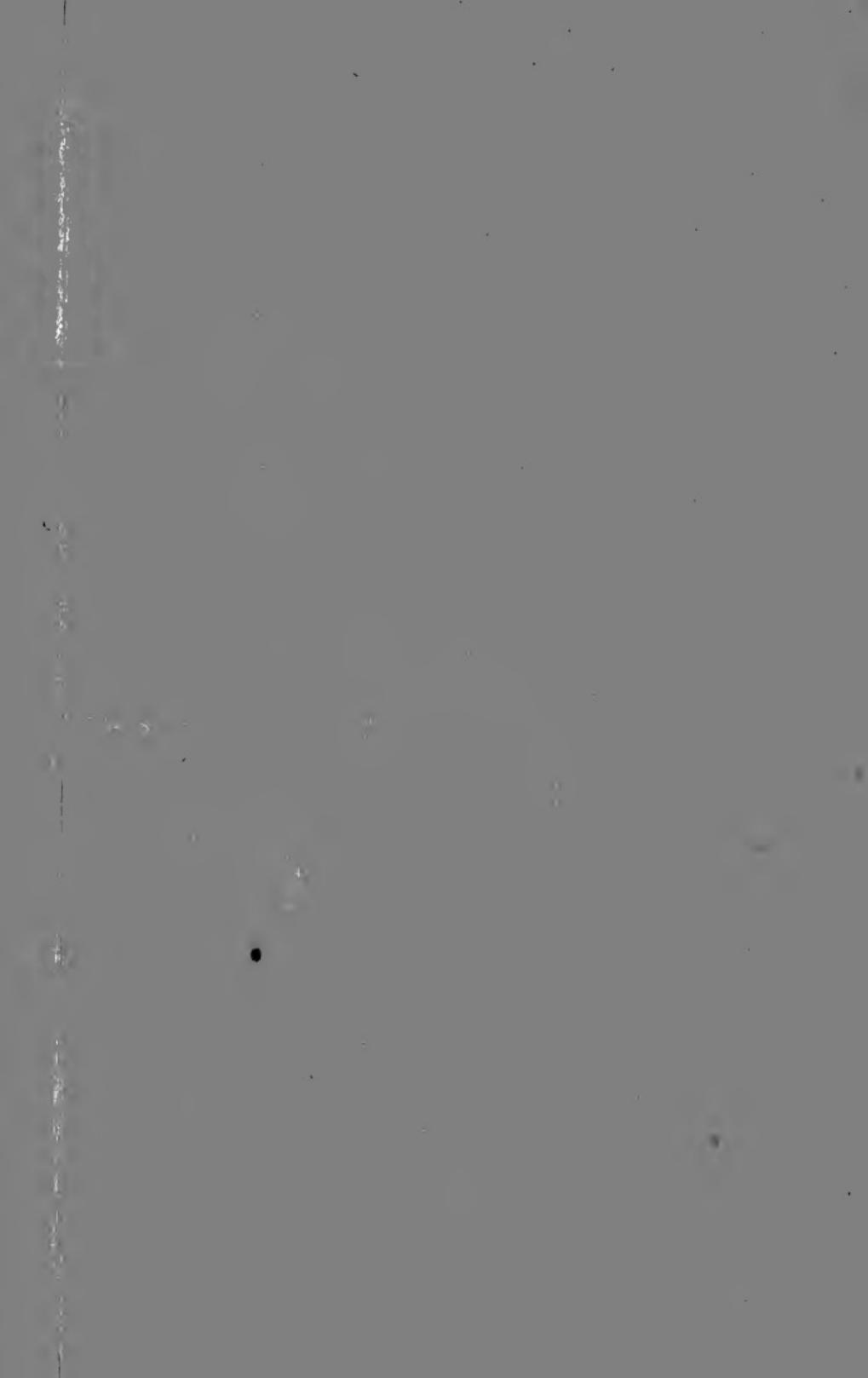
Consulting our map, we find that Norway is the

northernmost country of Europe, and with its sister-country, Sweden, occupies the Scandinavian Peninsula. It is about 1,100 miles long, and for a third of its length lies within the Arctic Circle. At one point it is only 20 miles wide, while its greatest breadth is only 280 miles. But for what it lacks in width it makes up in coast-line. It is estimated that if Norway's coast-line could be stretched out in a straight line it would reach halfway round the globe!

What gives Norway this great length of coast-line? It has hundreds, if not thousands, of sea-arms called fjords (fe-ords') running sometimes a hundred or more miles up into the land. The shores of these fjords are mountains rising directly from the water's edge, some to a height of six hundred feet.

Nowhere else in the world will you find a shore so calm and sheltered as that of Norway, for a fringe of islands, called the Island Rampart, 400 miles in length, skirts it on the west and forms a great breakwater; so that the water of the fjords is like a mirror.

There are mountains in the interior as well as along the coast. On some of the mountain-tops the snow never melts. The snow masses are pushed down the mountainsides in mighty glacier-streams, which on reaching the warmer valleys melt and form the short, swift rivers which flow into the fjords. There are only seven or eight rivers in the whole country whose length is over a hundred miles. The largest river of Norway is the Glommen, and it is only 350 miles long. Into this river, through a tributary, empty the waters of Lake Miösen (Me-ö'zen), the largest lake in Norway. Miösen is 60 miles in length, but, like most Norwegian



lakes, is narrow—a mere river-expansion. The lakes of the country cover nearly 2,900 square miles.

Now, before we start on our journey to this remarkable land, let us plan our route so as to visit the greatest possible number of interesting places. We will, then, divide the tour thus:

I. Post-travel from Christiania, the capital¹, to Molde (Möl'dë) Fjord. This gives us the opportunity to ride over a Norwegian post-road in one of the curious carriages of the country, and also to see some of the most wonderful scenery of this land of wonderful sights.

II. A trip from Molde to the North Cape, for a glimpse of the Midnight Sun.

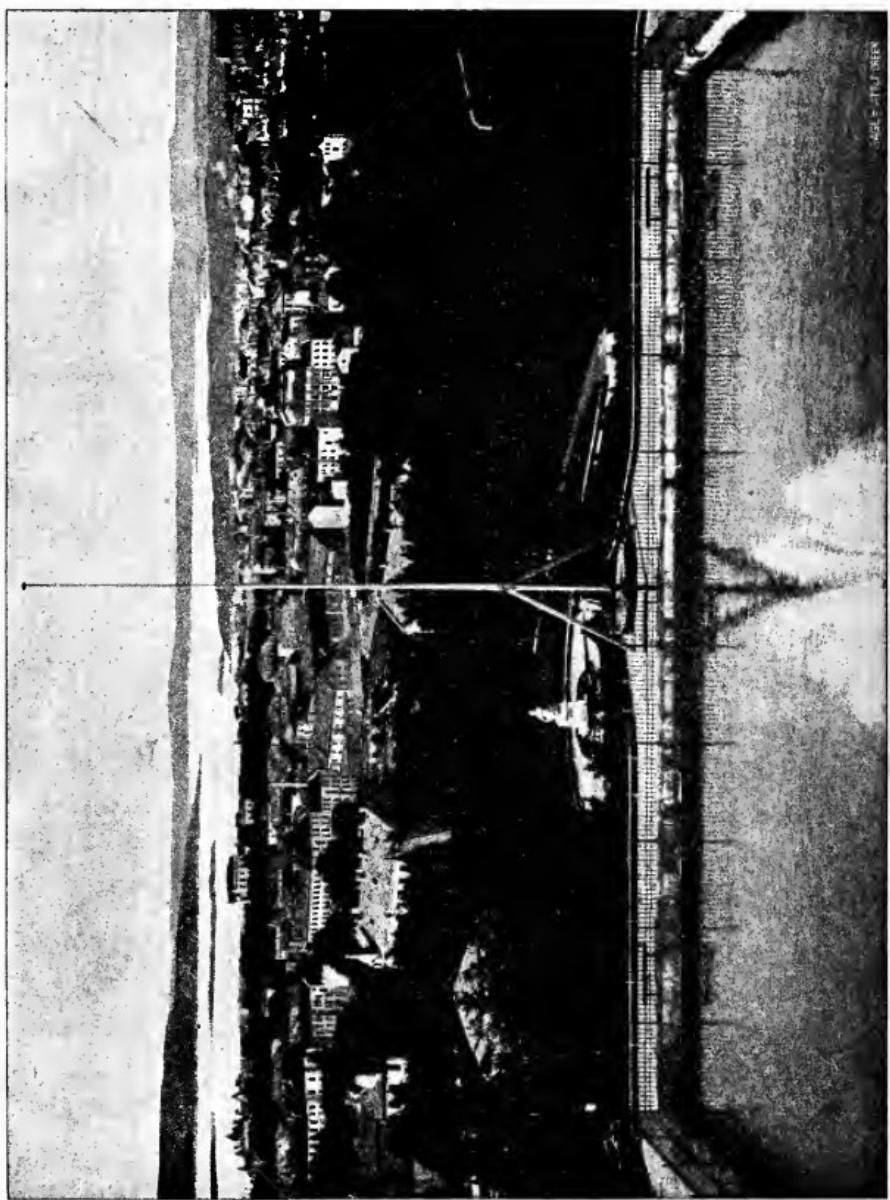
III. A voyage through the fjord region south of Molde, with short trips into the country.

NORWAY'S CAPITAL

So early in the morning does our steamer reach Christiania that we are only just astir. The first glimpse that we catch of the harbor, however, is beautiful—blue sky overhead, water of the deepest blue around us, and wonderful pine-clad hills beyond—while the air bears to us the odors of sea and forest and mountain.

Christiania is at the head of Christiania Fjord, eighty miles from the sea. It has a fine harbor and is the chief trade center of Norway, as well as its capital. Here timber, pitch, matches, pulp, furs, mackerel, herring, cod, cod-liver oil, beer, and many other products are brought, to be sent to other countries. To Christiania also come, for distribution throughout the country, those goods that Norway cannot produce for herself.

VIEW OF CHRISTIANIA



The wharves are busy places. Besides the Norwegian vessels, there are ships in the harbor from nearly all the European countries, but most from England and Germany. Good need there is of all this busy trade while the season lasts, for the harbor of Christiania, having cold land to the north, east and west, and a shallow sea to the south, lies frozen over for four months in the year. Then all vessels have to lie at Dröbak, twenty miles to the south.

Christiania is a city of 260,000 inhabitants. It has many large stone buildings, many parks and public squares, and well-paved streets shaded by beautiful trees. The dwellings are built in the French style, of brick and stucco lined off to look like stone.

To most tourists the first place of interest is the Royal Palace—a large but plain brick building, painted a dull orange and surrounded by beautiful gardens. There are many fine rooms in the palace, filled with tapestries, curios, and paintings. We are told, however, that this home of the king is neither so grand nor so beautiful as his palace in Stockholm—for we must remember that the King of Norway is also the King of Sweden.

Aside from having the same king and acting together in foreign affairs, the two countries are quite independent of each other. Each has its own constitution, parliament, and capital. The king must be crowned in Norway as well as in Sweden; he must live three months of each year in Norway, and must open the Norwegian Parliament in person. He must appoint only Norwegians to office in Norway, and is here always called King of Norway and Sweden, instead of



OSCAR II, KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN

King of Sweden and Norway, which is the title given him in the other half of his realm. This is all because Norway is somewhat jealous of her sister-kingdom, and fears being made subject to her. The king must also be a member of the Lutheran Church, for that is the religion adopted by the Government.

The present king, Oscar II, is one of the most gifted of monarchs. He is a fine musician, and it has been said that if he had been an ordinary man instead of a king, he could have won a fortune by his voice. He is not only a musician, but a poet as well.

Oscar is a democratic ruler; he does not believe in holding himself aloof from his people. He gives frequent receptions to which any one may go, provided only that the visitor records his name in the royal register three days before the reception takes place. At these gatherings may be seen persons of every class and from every section of the country, mingling with those of the court circle. The king and the members of his family often ride in the street-cars, or even walk, instead of rolling through the city in a state carriage.

King Oscar, although seventy-five years of age, is still one of the handsomest rulers in all Europe.

We next visit the Parliament House. It is a large building with a wing at each end extending toward the front, and a central wing in the shape of a many-sided polygon. Here the Norwegian Parliament sits each year. It consists, like our Congress, of an upper and a lower house. Its members are chosen by electors, and serve three years.

Norway is divided into six provinces or dioceses, each called a *stift*, and having a bishop at its head. The stifts are divided into counties, each county under a civil governor. There are in all eighteen counties.

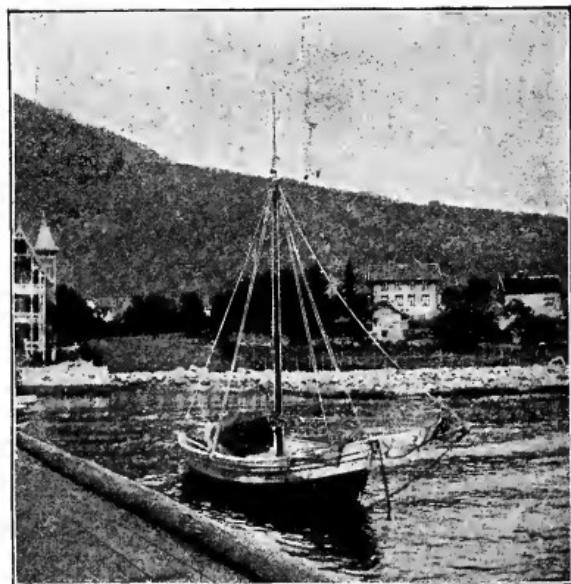
Whoever visits Christiania must see the university, for it is one of the most interesting places in the city. It was founded in 1811, and is the only university in Norway. Here the young men and women from all

parts of the country come, to the number of 1,500. The classes, we are told, are always full, for the people of this land prize very highly a good education. The tuition is free to all native Norwegians who succeed in passing the entrance examinations.

The university includes schools of law, medicine, and theology, and the faculty numbers over sixty professors, who are appointed by the king. Among these is Dr. Fridjof Nansen, the noted Arctic explorer. His department of exploration has an endowment of \$150,000 a year for carrying on the work of exploration on the seas.

The hospitals of the city are in charge of the medical department of the university. Here are also art-galleries, libraries, and museums.

In the market of Christiania fruit, grain, vegetables, hay, wines, and fancy goods are all on sale, but the most interesting part is the fish market. Early



A FISHING BOAT

morning is the time to visit it. The fishermen and women have brought their boats up close to the pavement, and are shouting out their wares.

Mackerel, cod, and herring are the chief varieties of fish on sale here, with occasionally fine lobster or salmon.

Here, seated in one of the boats, is a fish-woman in quaint white cap, dark homespun skirt, and bright bodice. The fish which she sells she takes one by one from the net in the bottom of the boat.

We must visit some of the shops and buy souvenirs to take away with us. The goods for sale are very tempting. Here are many pieces of the beautiful filigree silver which the Norwegians know so well how to make, and tankards and drinking-cups of all kinds. We see some very fine silver mugs, delicately chased, but most of the drinking-cups are of earthenware or china. Those of china have bands of iron around them, and silver lids. One we notice has a coin set in the cover for an ornament.

The sweetmeats here are quite unlike those at home. Some, tied up in crêpe paper, are intended to be distributed at funerals. We are shown one for a child's funeral—a little candy baby nestling in a big bow of crêpe.



IN THE MARKET

Christiania, as the capital and the seat of a great university, has attracted many of the illustrious men of Norway—statesmen and councilors, musicians and artists, scientists and writers, as well as foreign ministers and consuls. Its people are highly educated, refined and hospitable. They are fond of parties and balls, of music and the theater. The new opera house is one of the finest buildings in this gay city.

Let us now take a fjord steamer and visit some of the summer villas. The fjord is dotted with beautiful islands, and on these are the summer homes of many wealthy families of Christiania. These people enjoy not only their island-homes, but also the shores and mountain slopes of the mainland. The hills around the city are covered with pine and birch, and here is to be found a variety of wild flowers—blue, red, pink and yellow. Lilies-of-the-valley and sweet violets grow wild here. Christiania has been called “The Garden of Norway.”

NORWEGIAN INDUSTRIES

The pulp-factories at Drammen, near Christiania, attract many tourists. The greater part of Drammen's population of 21,000 finds employment in the manufacture of pulp. Although there are nearly two hundred pulp-factories in Norway, this town is the chief center of the industry. It is on an arm of Christiania Fjord, into which empty the waters of many lakes and a number of rivers rising away up in the mountains. Thus there is a chain of waterways down which to float the logs used in the making of pulp. From Drammen, too, the pulp can easily be sent to any country of the world.

Wood-cutters work, sometimes all the year, in the mountain-forests, cutting the logs and hauling them to the streams. Beautiful Lake Spirillen to the north, and the streams flowing into it, are filled with logs the year round. So full of logs is the lake that everywhere our steamer thumps and bumps against them. Think of the logs it must take to make the 1,200 tons of pulp which the mills of Drammen alone grind each day!

It is feared the pulp industry and the sawmills will be the ruin of Norwegian forests, for the one takes the little trees and the other the big. Some idea may be had of the greatness of these two industries when we learn that there are, besides the 200 pulp-factories, nearly 400 sawmills. It is said that both industries together employ about 45,000 people. Only the fisheries surpass the lumbering business. In this country, where it takes a hundred years for a pine to grow large enough to yield a log twenty-five feet long and ten inches thick, something ought to be done to preserve the forests.

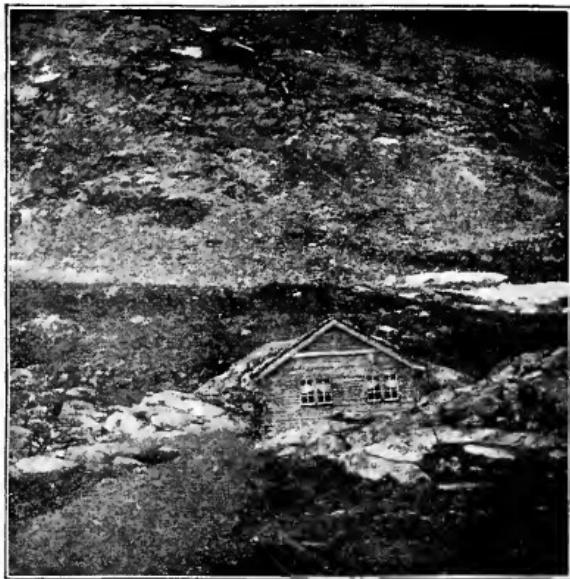
The logs for the pulp-factory are cut into lengths easy to handle. These are put through a mill and ground into coarse fibers or shreds. They are then ground fine in another mill and mixed with water and chemicals. Only young trees are used for pulp, as the fiber of the old trees is too tough.

Alongside the factories are wharves where steamers are moored while taking on their cargoes of pulp to be carried to foreign ports—some to the United States but the larger portion to England and France, where it is used chiefly for making paper. So the newspapers

of London or Paris are very likely to come from the Norwegian forests. Much of the wood pulp, however, is made into coarse wrapping-paper.

Though so much pulp is sent to other countries, a large amount is made into paper in Christiania. We visit

a paper-mill, where the pulp is pressed into thin sheets between heavy rollers and carried into a warm place called the drying-room. We visit, also, cotton-factories and machine shops, for although Christiania has not long been a fac-



A MOUNTAIN HOME

tory city, her manufactures promise soon to become very valuable.

Barren regions and mountains form a large part of Norway. Only about $3\frac{1}{5}$ square miles out of every hundred have a soil and climate suitable for tillage or pasture, so there is little grain or stock raised. Then, too, manufacturing prospers under difficulties, for while some iron, silver, and copper is mined, Norway has no coal with which to run the furnaces of smelting works and machine shops.

“Why not turn the many, many mountain streams

into water power for factories?" some one asks. This is done to some extent, but the raw materials for manufacturing are not plentiful. Cotton and silk cannot be produced in this climate, and for some reason there are not many sheep in Norway, although it would seem just the place for them. The small amount of wool produced is woven on hand-looms in the homes.

Modern farm machinery has only recently come into Norway, and is yet unknown in the remote regions. It seems more profitable to import farming implements from the United States than to carry on their manufacture here.

There is, however, one important industry in Norway which makes use of the water-power of the rivers, and that is lumbering. More than a fifth of the country is covered with forests, mainly of soft wood—pine and fir. The forest regions are for the most part in the interior, along the Keel, or mountain-chain of the Scandinavian Peninsula.

Wood was once used almost entirely for fuel, but now peat takes its place. Wood is the chief export of Norway to America. It is interesting to know that our word *deal* comes from the Norse *dœl*, or *piece*, meaning the planks into which timber is sawed, instead of the whole trunk; but as nearly all the wood we get from Norway is soft wood, *deal* has come to mean simply soft wood.

The life of the Norwegian wood-cutter is very hard. The felling of the timber is done in late autumn and in winter. In some regions the cutter goes far into the forest, taking provisions to last for weeks and even months. He builds himself a little hut and fills

the cracks with moss to keep out the cold. The doorway is so small that he must crawl on his hands and knees to enter. Indeed, when a heavy snowstorm has piled the drifts over his little hut, it looks like an Eskimo dwelling.

Inside, a flat stone serves as a stove. No fancy cooking could the poor wood-cutter do on this rude stove if he should wish to; but very simple food serves him. His bed is nothing but logs rolled together and covered with dry hay and moss. Thus he lives, alone, going home only once or twice, perhaps, during the whole season.

The forests are in the coldest part of Norway. Often the wood-cutter must keep a fire burning all night or freeze. Sometimes he is obliged to drive his horses all night long, for fear of their freezing to death before morning. The horses are fed hay instead of oats, to keep them warm. Their work is to draw the tree-trunks over a prepared road to the nearest mountain-stream. Here the logs are left till spring, when they are floated down to the mills. Should they get jammed, the logger must jump upon them and push them apart with boat-hooks, being careful, however, to spring ashore before the mass dashes upon him. Wherever the falls of the river are very steep, canals are dug through which the logs are guided.

All along the streams are sawmills and planing-mills, match-factories and paper-mills. In some of the latter not only wood but also birch-bark is made into paper. The wood industries together employ over 100,000 men. This is not including those who work at home, making boxes, baskets, wooden trunks, and

many other articles. The wood products exported each year are worth many millions of dollars.

At the wharves we see logs, lumber, pulp, and various wood-products, as well as other articles, being shipped to other lands. Much of the shipping is done in Norwegian vessels, for the abundance of ship-timber and a love for the sea have led the Norwegians to build ships to transport goods for other countries as well as for themselves. Although her ships are not so large as those of some other countries, Norway has a greater number of vessels in her merchant fleet than any other nation of Europe, except Great Britain. Her vessels go to nearly all the chief foreign ports.

But Christiania must be left behind, since there are so many delightful things before us. Now for our first post-ride, for we are to travel by post across Norway.

POSTING

We find a pony and cariole waiting for each of us. The cariole is the national vehicle. It is a two-wheeled affair, something like a sulky, except that it has a little platform behind the seat for the luggage—and for the post-boy, who sits on the luggage, for the seat will hold but one. We pay our fare at the rate of six or seven cents a mile to the first post-station. Between slow-stations we shall have to pay but four cents a mile.

The rope reins are handed us, for each must be his own driver. The post-boy goes along only to bring back the cariole. In response to a groan and a grunt from the post-boy, the pony starts on a slow trot. There is no whip, for Norwegians are very careful of their ponies.

Like most Norwegian horses, our pony is a stout little cream-colored fellow with thick, short mane, long tail, and a dark stripe down his back. He

is sure-footed and trusty, but not so swift as he might be. Four miles an hour, the station-keeper says, is what we may expect of him. Now that we are fairly started, the ponies fall into line, each as close possible to the cariole ahead.

Along the roadside are big boul-



A NORWEGIAN CARIOLE

ders, set close together to form a wall, and at one side stretches a telephone wire. Everywhere the road is smooth and fine. The roadbed was first dug down about three feet like a canal, then a foundation of heavy boulders was placed on it to make the road solid and to allow the moisture to drain off. Above this a layer of smaller stones was placed, while on top fine gravel and sand mixed with pounded slate were spread and packed as hard as asphalt.

The roads of Norway were begun over a thousand years ago and are among the finest in the world, although as difficult to build as were the famous roads over the Alps. We are told it costs \$3,000 to

build a single mile of road. There are about 18,000 miles of roadway in the country, which it costs \$1,500,000 a year to keep up.

Almost before we know it we are at our first post-station, a farmhouse some ten miles from Christiania, where we are to change ponies and carioles. As we drive up to the door, the post-boy cries "bur-r-r!" in a hoarse tone, and the pony stops. This is a *fast station*—that is, a station where a certain number of horses and carioles are required by law to be kept in readiness for travelers, so there is no waiting. At the *slow stations*, however, in the remote parts, we shall have to wait for the horses to be brought in from the field.

These post-stations are kept by ministers and farmers along the road, who furnish horses, carioles and post-boys, and also meals and lodging to travelers, instead of paying taxes to the Government, for the Government owns the roads. In the poorer regions, or where a man's farm is small, he may work his horses until they are needed for posting.



A POST HOUSE

At each station we must register our names in the Government day-book. We must write, also, our starting point and the place to which we are going, the number of horses we use, and any com-

plaints we may have to make. The Government makes it a point to see that tourists are well served by those whom it employs.

Each farmer along the way has his own strip of road to look after. It is marked by a stone bearing his name. If, then, the road in any



A NORWEGIAN HAY-FIELD

particular part is not well cared for, it is at once known who is to blame. In winter, however, it is often impossible for each man alone to keep his road clear, so several land-owners go out together with great snow-plows to clear the way.

There is no need of snow-plows now, however, for this is the summer season. All along the way are fields of hay, barley, hops, corn, fruit, and vegetables, for we are still in the rich farming region of Southern Norway. The farms are in the river valleys. They are not separated by fences or hedges,

but are divided off by landmarks. These are red posts, each bearing the name of the owner and the amount of land he owns.

The hay-fields are an odd sight. Instead of stacking the hay, Norwegian farmers string it along on frames like high fences. They say it dries much better this way, for the sun shines on it and the wind blows through it, while the rain runs off. With as much rain as there is in Norway it is difficult even in this fashion to keep the hay from being spoiled by the dampness.

Hay is very precious in this bleak country. The mowers in some fields cut very carefully around every tree and rock with a sickle and even with shears, that not a blade may be wasted. The hay frames are useful in winter as well as summer, being placed to break the snow-drifts.

The Norwegian hay-wagons are queer things. They seem little larger than a child's express wagon, while their wheels, often of solid wood, are even smaller than those of some toy wagons. This brings



CURING THE HAY

the carts near the ground, so that they may be drawn over very rough places, for the grass must be cut on the edge of precipices and in deep ravines.

The corn, like the hay, must be carefully looked after. When it is cut in the autumn the shocks will not be allowed to stand on the ground, as is our corn at home, but each shock will be raised on a post to keep it dry, and away from the mice.

This is a busy country. Even the women do much outdoor work. All along the way we see them cutting hay and stacking it on the frames, hauling logs, drawing carts, rowing boat-loads of garden-stuff, and fishing. In one place a woman is even cutting timber. Often women take their knitting into the fields, to knit while they rest from the field-work.

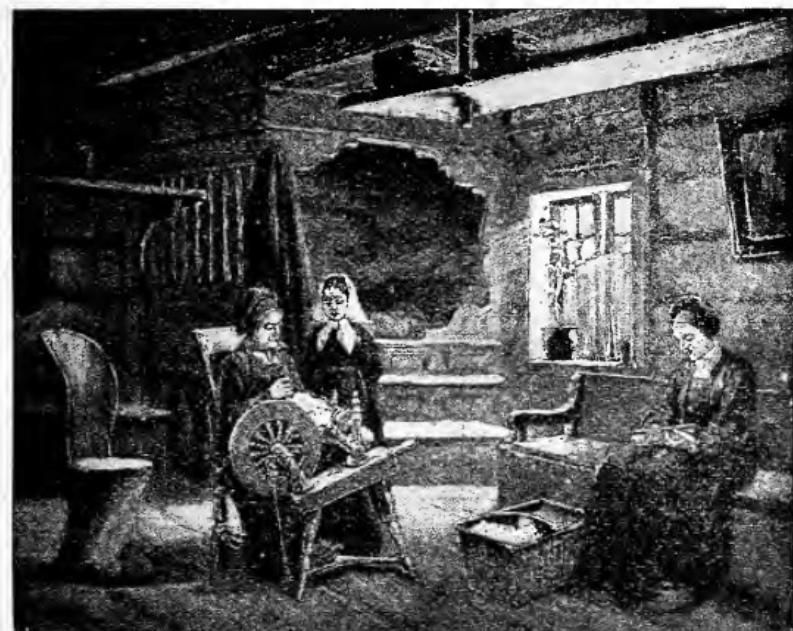
A POST-STATION

A day's cariole ride makes us glad that we may be sure of supper and a bed at the next stopping-place. The station is a pleasant, large farmhouse—or, rather, several houses, for one is the kitchen, one is the living-room, in another are the sleeping-rooms, and so on. Supper is ready, and we sit down with the family. The meal consists of salt herring, potatoes, *flat-brod*, fish pudding, coffee, and several kinds of cheese, one of which is made of goat's milk.

Although fish is one of the chief articles of food in Norway, except at hotels one seldom sees it fresh. The Norwegians always dry their fish. Potatoes are a favorite food, and the bread, called *flat-brod*, is of rye or oatmeal. It is rolled as thin as a wafer and baked in cakes a foot and a half across. At a distance

you might almost mistake a loaf of *flat-brod* for a piece of wrapping-paper, so thin is it. It is baked so slowly that it is very hard and brittle. Enough is baked at a time to last for months. In fact, in some Norwegian households *flat-brod* is baked only two or three times a year.

Fish-pudding is the national dish, and is made of salmon or cod, or both. The goat's-milk cheese is



IN A NORWEGIAN FARMHOUSE

dark brown. It is made into large, square cakes and is served in very thin slices. Ours is in a perforated tissue-paper case, with a ribbon tied around the top.

While we eat and chat with our host we notice his appearance and that of his family. The farmer is strongly built and has blue eyes and light hair and

beard. He talks intelligently and is very polite, never even smiling at our mistakes in trying to speak Norwegian. He can speak a little English. His everyday dress is of homespun, but he is sure to have very gay clothes for holiday wear—short jacket and trousers, and bright waistcoat.

The farmer's wife is pleasant, but not at all pretty. She, too—like most Norwegians—has blue eyes and light hair. Her dress is a short dark skirt, a white waist with a bright embroidered bodice, a striped apron, and silver jewelry. This jewelry has no doubt been in the family for years, handed down from generation to generation. Some of it is fine filigree work and very costly.

Our bed is built into the wall and we go up two steps to get into it. Like all Norwegian beds, it is much too short. For covering there are nicely dressed sheep and goat skins. The sheets, spun and woven by the housewife, are so small that there is no tucking them in. Every time we waken we find them on the floor. The pillows are either too big or too little. We must choose between a feather bolster nearly as large around as a barrel and a little pillow about four inches square and two thick. But, for all this, we have a fairly comfortable night and are ready to rise early in the morning to see something of farm-life in this region.

Besides the house, there are barns and stables, and, above all, a storehouse. A Norwegian would rather have no dwelling than no storehouse. It is always a separate building of heavy timber, and is generally set up on posts to keep things dry, while on top of the

posts are tin pans, bottom side up, to keep out mice and ants. The second story nearly always projects over the first. The door is very heavy and is strongly barred, for this is the farmer's treasure-house.

Stored inside these houses are immense sacks of flour and meal, boxes of provisions, strings of *flat-brod*, and trunks full of clothing and bedding. The trunks are more like huge baskets than anything else. They are made of thin strips of wood woven much like baskets and painted in gay colors. Each girl in the family, when old enough to spin, is given one of these trunks. In it she stores away all the cloth she spins and weaves for bedding, table-linen, and towels, as well as the yarn and embroidery she makes. These she saves till she is married and has a home of her own.

Little trunks of the same style, with handles, are used instead of suit-cases or valises for traveling, and very quaint they look.

The barns are large enough for a great number of cattle, but only a few are here. Most have gone to the hill-farm for the summer, where they will stay till cool weather comes again. The son and two of the daughters keep the hill-farm. The boy watches the herd, and the girls make butter and cheese.

At a little distance from the house is a small building beside a stream. Here is a tiny water-wheel which turns the farmer's mill, so that he is able to grind his own corn. The water turns also the grindstone which sharpens his scythes and sickles. The farmer is his own blacksmith, and shoes the ponies tourists drive over the post-road. The farmer's family forms a little village of itself and must supply all of its own

needs, for even the nearest neighbor lives at a considerable distance.

The life of the Norwegian farmer is at best a hard one. Often he works all summer and then loses his whole crop. Indeed, he must count on losing one crop in every five! Then he has to eke out a living for himself and family by joining the fishermen, or by going into the forest to fell trees. While he is away, his wife and daughters must earn something by spinning, weaving and knitting.

The winter is a busy time in the farmer's family. The children must go to school for a part of the year, at least, for the pastor will not confirm them until they have finished certain studies, such as the catechism and church-history. And unless they are confirmed they will not be able to find employment in the cities or towns.

Now our pony and cariole are waiting to take us on, and we must say farewell to our kind host. The road is no longer level, but stretches over hills and sometimes along the very edge of a steep precipice. Here the big boulders have indeed a use.

Now and then we see the home of a poor farmer. Let us notice this one. The cottage is made of heavy spruce logs, and perches away up on the hillside. The roof is covered with birch-bark laid over the logs like shingles. On this is placed grass sod, in which bright flowers are now growing. Yes, and there is a goat on the roof, nibbling the grass! Inside there is little furniture, but there are always flowers. Like all Norwegian farms, however poor, it has its name.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS

The farther we travel, the more rugged the country becomes, for we are now approaching the fjord region, along the western coast. The mountains rise higher and the valley grows narrower. We are at last in the famous Romsdal, the most beautiful valley in Norway. The sides of the mountains



THE ROMSDALHORN FJORD

are seamed and scarred, and we see here and there a leaping cascade. These great walls of rock stretch for miles and in some places tower five and six thousand feet above us. The mountains press so closely together that the river is penned up in a narrow

gorge, where it foams and roars and thunders as though trying to escape from its prison. There is scarcely room enough for the road high along the mountain-side.

Here is the giant peak, higher than all the rest, called the Romsdalhorn. It is said to be as difficult to ascend as the terrible Matterhorn in the Alps. Years ago an Englishman thought to win fame by climbing to the top, but he found there a heap of stones, telling that some one had been there before him, although no one could remember that the top had ever been reached before. Here, too, is one of the most beautiful of all Norwegian waterfalls, The Seven Sisters. It is so called because it is formed of seven separate falls, although sometimes there are but four streams to be seen.

High up on these cliffs are perched little farm-houses, where it seems too narrow for a man to stand. There is a cottage two thousand feet up the mountainside which can be reached only by a zig-zag path beside the bed of a roaring torrent. Everything needed from below must be hauled up over the edge of the cliff by ropes, and when the farmer and his wife go out on the hill to gather their little crop of barley or hay, they must tether the children, as they do their goats, to the door-post or a tree. When one is to be buried from this mountain home, the coffin must be let down these two thousand feet by ropes.

And now the beautiful Molde Fjord is before us. These fjords of Norway are somewhat like great river-mouths, or long narrow bays reaching far into the

land, but they are really neither of these. They have no single strong current flowing to the sea like rivers, nor have they a sandy beach like bays. They have what a bay has not, an island belt at their outlet. The fjord water is deep—much deeper even than the sea beyond the island chain.

Fortunately for Molde, the cliffs rise to a great height on the north, shutting off the cold winds. Then, too, the Gulf Stream crosses the ocean from our own southern shores and brings a breath of warm air to this part of the country. Without it the greater part of Norway would not be habitable. To this ocean river the country owes its food-grains, its commerce, and the very life of its people.

The current, flowing along the west coast, keeps the fjords free from ice the whole winter through. While Christiania Fjord, far to the south, lies frozen four months in the year, Molde Fjord is never frozen over. It is warmer the year round, here in Molde (which is in sixty-three degrees north latitude), than in New York city. The temperature this June day is 80° in the shade, and many bathers are enjoying themselves in the fjord.

Molde is one of the most beautiful of all Norwegian fjords. On one side snow-topped mountains, whose lower sides are covered with forests of pine, maple, birch, ash, and chestnut, stretch for forty miles. Birches here grow five feet in diameter.

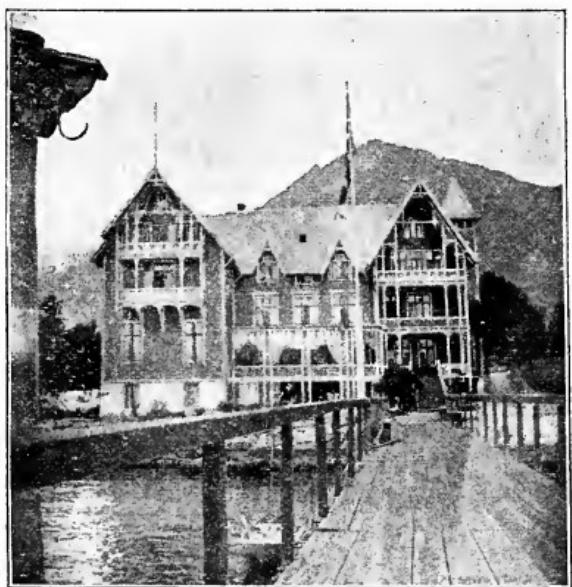
MOLDE

The town of Molde, a place of 1,700 inhabitants, is beautifully situated on the fjord. Its houses are

painted yellow and white, with red and dark-tiled roofs. Everywhere at this season on lawns and in gardens are roses, peonies, poppies, and honeysuckle, and ponds are covered with water-lilies. Everywhere in Molde are, also, cherries, the chief fruit of the country.

What a fine situation Molde has for a summer resort—which, indeed, it is! It is more easily reached

from all parts of the country than almost any other town in Norway. The road from Bergen to Molde leads through beautiful scenery. The high-roads from Trondhjem (Trönd'yém) and the Swedish border meet the one from Christiania and pass through the wonderful Romsdal. An-



THE RESORT HOTEL

other road comes across from Christiansund Fjord to the north. Then, too, there are the sea-roads from the north and south. No wonder hundreds of Norwegians come to spend a part of the summer here. Tourists, too, find this a delightful place to stop.

One enjoys wandering about Molde's streets and looking at the flowers in the gardens and windows,

for the Norwegians are very fond of flowers. A visit is paid to the shops for carved wood souvenirs, and silver filigree; then a coast steamer takes us into Trondhjem Fjord to the quaint old city of Trondhjem—or *Throne's Home*, as the name means—a twelve hours' voyage.

Just out from Trondhjem Fjord lies Hitteren, the largest island along the Norwegian coast south of the Arctic Circle. In the harbor are anchored ships from many countries, and steamers from Christiania, Bergen, Molde, and other Norwegian ports, while everywhere we see the quaint native fishing-boats patterned after the old Viking ships of long ago, with high prow and stern ending in a dragon's head.

Like Molde, Trondhjem Fjord is never frozen over, although it is several hundred miles farther north than Labrador. Trondhjem's winter climate is as warm as that of Southern England.

Our hotel is of painted wood with red-tiled roof. The bedrooms have no carpets and no light at night. We can easily do without a light, however, for are we not in the land of the midnight sun? If not exactly a midnight sun, we have at least a very late one, for at this season it does not set here until nearly eleven o'clock in the evening and rises again before two. While the sun itself is thus out of sight for about three hours, yet its rays light up the night so that one can at any time read even the finest print. What beautiful colors delight our eyes at sunset! For a time the sky is red, then it grows pink, then orange, and next purple. Again at sunrise a beautiful pink glow appears; this gradually changes to yellow, then greenish-blue, and then to the blue of a clear day.

TRONDHJEM

Trondhjem, a place of 30,000 inhabitants, is the third city in size in Norway. It has wide, well-paved streets. Its two principal streets cross, and from their intersection one may enjoy a grand view: on three sides are high mountains and on the fourth lies the beautiful sea.

Here, too, is the marketplace. It has rows of stores and two rows of canvas-covered booths, where all the different wares are sold. Let us wait till the market opens. Peasants from the surrounding country come with their little wooden trunks filled with one or another of the dozen kinds of Norwegian cheese, with butter or vegetables, or coarse homespun woolen and linen goods. The women wear colored handkerchiefs tied over their light hair, bright knitted bands which cross over the shoulders, and full plaid skirts. The men wear bright jackets of coarse homespun, and heavy caps.

The factories, paper-mills, shipyards, and warehouses of Trondhjem are interesting, and show how its people occupy themselves. Trondhjem has, also, a marine arsenal and an Academy of Science. In the shops are many pieces of the filigree silver we have seen so often before, enamel silver spoons, scarf-pins bearing the Norwegian flag in enamel, carved tankards, pipes, beautiful furs, cloaks of eiderdown, and reindeer antlers so large that one must saw them in two to get them into a trunk.

Here in the shops gentlemen always take off their hats until their purchases are made, then shake hands with the shopkeeper, who thanks them for buying of him.

Here is a beautiful cloak of brown eiderdown which the shopkeeper tells us is worth a thousand dollars. He explains that it is so expensive because it is made from the lining of the first nest, which is the finest.

The eider duck builds her nest on one of the many little islands of the far North, and lines it with the beautiful fine down from her breast, which is light brown. The down is taken by the hunters, to be used for coats and capes. Then the nest has to be rebuilt, and this time the father bird lines it with the white down from his breast. This down is coarser, and is used for pillows and quilts; it is never so costly as the brown. After being robbed the second time the birds build their third nest, but if this is disturbed, they leave it and go away. The eider eggs are about four inches long, and have a greenish-blue shell. Some people eat them, but they have a strong flavor.

We must go down to the station and see the train from Christiania come in. Until something over a year ago Trondhjem was the most northerly railway station in the world, but now there is one farther north on the Swedish border. The railroad from Trondhjem to Christiania is 350 miles long, and has done much to unite these two distant parts of Norway.

As we peep into the sleeper, we cannot help contrasting it with our sleeping-cars at home. The car itself is not much wider than an omnibus. The berth is formed of the narrow cushion-seats pulled together, with nothing but a tiny pillow as furnishings. There is no mattress, or even a blanket. The upper berth is nothing but a small hammock sagging down to within

a foot of the lower berth—a difficult bed to climb into when the train is moving! It is uncomfortable, too, staying in such close quarters, for there seems barely room for a person without his traveling rug, or for the rug without himself! The rug would be a necessity in winter, for there is no way of heating the car.

Although Trondhjem is not so beautifully situated as Molde, it is the most famous of all Norwegian towns.



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

It has stood for a thousand years, and was, long ago, the city of the Norwegian kings. For this reason it is called the "Cradle of the Kingdom." Here still stands the cathedral where, since the days of King Olaf, a thousand years ago, the kings of Norway have been crowned.

Trondhjem Cathedral is the finest church in Scandinavia, and one of the finest in Northern Europe. It

is built of blue-gray marble, quarried near by. Long ago it was much damaged by fire and was for years left partly in ruins. Some years ago repairs were begun, and they are still being carried on. A part of the money raised at the lottery which built the Christiania opera-house has been given for restoring this beautiful old building.

We pay our fee and go inside. Here are beautiful stone and wood carvings. At the south end of the altar is a cast of Thorwaldsen's statue of the Saviour. There is a fine organ in the cathedral, and a deep well which is *said* to be connected with the sea.

Two miles from Trondhjem is one of the finest falls in Norway, Store Lefos (Sto-ra La-fos), which is one hundred feet high with a great rock halfway up, around which the water dashes.

A RICH FARM

Trondhjem, like Christiania, is in one of the fertile regions of Norway. Everywhere around the city are grassy plots and flower-gardens. Off toward the sea stretch fields of rye, pastures, meadows, and forests of grand, dark pines.

Let us visit one of the richer farms in the vicinity. We drive through avenues of trees to the house, which is 140 feet long and two stories high. Besides this there are the storehouse, the smokehouse, and also a kitchen, which is a separate building, while near by are barns and stables. These buildings are grouped together around a sort of courtyard. Here water is brought by pipes from the mountainside near by.

We enter the living-room of the house. Here is a bed built in like the one at our first post-station. In fact, this is the kind of bed we shall find almost everywhere in Norway. A bench extends around the room,

but we are careful not to sit upon it until invited to do so, as this is the seat of honor. A rude table and chair, and hanging shelves are about the only furniture, excepting a loom for weaving the coarse homespun for the family.

The hay is brought to the

barns in an odd way in this region! It comes sliding down to the barns on heavy wires from the soeter.

The soeter is the hill-farm, such as nearly every rich farmer has at a distance up the mountainside. It is chiefly hay land and pasture. In early spring the cattle and sheep are taken to the soeter, to stay until late in the autumn.

A log cabin with sod roof has been built on the mountainside and here some of the family (usually the older daughters and one of the boys) spend the



THE FARMHOUSE

summer. The fireplace is on the ground. There is no chimney—only a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. In cool weather, if the fire does not smoke too badly, even this hole is closed. The kettle is hung over the fire by a chain and pulley suspended from the roof. A bench extends around the room.

The time of setting out for the soeter is a merry one. All is confusion and excitement. There are so many things to gather together—churn, milk-pails, kettles, frying-pans, cheese-moulds, cups, plates, and spoons. The flat-bread, coffee, bacon, sugar, and salt must be packed, and the meal to mix with the skim-milk for the calves must not be forgotten. And, too, the woolen yarn for stockings, and materials for embroidery, must find a place, to help fill in the time for busy fingers during the summer.

The soeter is several miles away, but all walk. The father strides ahead, taking with him a long horn of birch-bark, called a *lur*, with which to call the cattle. Following close after comes the old horse with the



WASH DAY

load, and behind him the sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. The girls bring up the rear, with wooden yokes over their shoulders from which hang swinging pots, and pails of white pine.

At the soeter the girls are very busy. As soon as the cows are sent to pasture for the day they begin the dairy work. One skims the cream and makes the butter, and another washes the pails and pans at the brook and feeds the calves. Then comes cheese-making. When enough butter and cheese have been made to send to market they are put into pails or done up in packages, and slid down the same wires as the great bundles of hay. Every moment not occupied with the dairy work is spent in knitting and embroidering.

If a stranger visits the soeter, one of the girls goes to meet him with a pail of milk. He is expected to say: "Do not waste it on me," but she insists and he takes a sip. She urges him to take more; he must drink all he can, or he will be considered impolite.

At night the cattle, sheep, and horse must be fed. One of the girls puts on a belt from which hangs a horn of salt to feed them.

The soeter is very interesting, and so is the farm, but the time has come for us to return to Trondhjem. Our hostess has prepared coffee and *smör-brod*, a great dainty, which is merely white bread spread thickly with butter and sugar. Norwegian etiquette requires that we must *prepare* to go without partaking of this feast. Our hostess begs us to stay, and so of course we are persuaded to remain long enough to taste her dainties.

TOWARD THE MIDNIGHT SUN

And now the first part of our journey is over, and the second begins. Trondhjem is the port from which steamers start for the voyage to the North Cape. We board our vessel, and are soon on our way to the most northern point of land in Europe. The North Cape is a four days' sail from Trondhjem, but we shall expect to take about two weeks for the voyage to the Cape and back, as we wish to make several stops. Although a long voyage, it will be a calm one, for we shall sail inside the fringe of islands which extends along the whole western coast of Norway.

The waters inside this Island Rampart, though deeper than the ocean outside, are usually like those of a vast harbor.

Most of the way we are in sight of the mainland. We sail past snow-capped mountains that seem to rise directly out of the sea, and down whose sides flow huge glaciers, ending in rushing falls which pour into the fjords.

The day after leaving Trondhjem we come to Torgen (Tör'gen) Islands, where the steamer stops for a couple of hours, that passengers may see the tunnel through the solid rock of Torghättan Mountain. This tunnel is 500 feet up the mountainside and was washed out by the sea when all the lower part of the mountain was covered by the waves. This opening, through which one gets a beautiful view of the sea, is 600 feet long and 200 feet high.

More fjords, and snow-capped mountains, and glaciers, and we come to the Lofoden (Lo-fo'den) Islands, extending 100 miles out into the Atlantic and 130

miles from north to south. Just southwest of the islands is the famous Maelström, (Mäl'strüm) which is formed by the tide pouring through a narrow strait, where the water foams and hisses over deep sunken ledges. Our steamer does not sail near this, however, but keeps well toward the coast, where the scenery is particularly fine. Many tourists think this scenery grander even than that of Switzerland.

The Lofodens are the center of the greatest cod fisheries in the world, for sea-cod are found only in certain places and at certain seasons. East of the islands are three banks beneath the sea. Here in the shallow water the cod gather from the middle of January to the middle of April. Then, indeed, are the islands and the opposite coast a scene of activity! Cod-boats like the old viking boats are everywhere: 3,500 boats and 25,000 fishermen come here every year. These fishing voyages are made in the long winter night, when, for part of the time at least, these men have no light except the beautiful northern lights and the bright stars. In spite of all difficulties they carry away 25,000,000 cod each year.

The nets are left in the same place for several days at a time, for the cod pile themselves one above another, till they are often more than a hundred feet deep. The fishermen call these enormous schools of fish "cod mountains." When they cast the nets they can feel the sinkers touch the fish. The cod are caught in the night, and each morning the nets are emptied, and mended if necessary. Sometimes a thousand fish are caught in a single night.

The cod business is carried on under the direction

of the Government. Fishermen are forbidden to go out in stormy weather, and anyone who disobeys this rule is fined heavily. Even in pleasant weather the fishermen must wait until an officer gives the signal to start. But in spite of these precautions cod-fishing is a dangerous business and many lose their lives at it every season. Boats by the dozen are found bottom up, with knives stuck in them where the men have tried to hold on.

Some boats have handles along their keels, that the men may have something to cling to when capsized.

The fishermen live in little huts along the shore, and here we see millions of codfish spread out, sometimes upon the rocks, for the sun to dry, sometimes on wooden frames, where the air and sun both help in drying them. Many are split and salted and sent to France and Spain. In sheds along the beach the dried heads of the cod are hung. These are used for fertilizing the land, or are boiled with seaweed as feed for cattle. The oil made from the liver of the codfish is much used as medicine.



A MOUNTAIN CARRIAGE

The hills on the mainland bear only birches and firs, the winters being too severe for anything else to live. Here tar is made in great quantities from the firs, which contain much resin. Only the roots of trees that have been cut down are used. Sometimes after the firs are felled for timber or pulp, the roots remain in the ground for years. They are finally dug up and split. They are a deep red in color, very hard, and so rich that, when they are burned, the resin flows from them.

When there are not barrels enough to hold the tar, it is kept for a time in holes in the ground. The barrels, before being sent away, are fastened at both ends to long poles, and then sent down the nearest mountain stream. Some years 100,000 barrels of tar are sent away.

TROMSOE, THE CITY OF THE LAPPS

North to Tromsöe (Trom'sö-eh), a Lapp town and an important fishing station, is the next stage of our journey. In the harbor the bones of a huge whale are floating. It has been speared and cut into pieces, and its blubber is being boiled in large kettles in a rude factory on the shore. Here are anchored seven more monsters from sixty to seventy feet long. Their jackets have been taken off, and men are busy removing the whalebone and the blubber, which latter will be carried to the factory. When all is done, the big bones of the carcases will be split up like wood.

Tromsöe carries on a brisk trade with Hamburg and Russia in smoked herrings and other fish, whale

meat and oil. Vessels from Russia, Germany and other countries are in the harbor. Every year the town sends out many ships to hunt the walrus and whale. The whale is found all the way from the Lofodens to the North Cape.

Here in the harbor is a whaler. To one mast a barrel is fastened for a platform, and in this, on a whaling voyage, a man always stands to watch. When he locates a whale and gives the signal, a harpoon is shot from a cannon. When the harpoon enters the whale's body, a cartridge explodes, killing the animal. The four points of the harpoon stick into the whale and furnish the means of drawing it ashore. From April to August is the whaling season.

Let us visit the factory where the whale-oil is prepared. The blubber, and the flesh, which is much like pork, are cut up into pieces by machinery and put into boilers, to be tried out. From the boilers the oil is run through pipes into big tanks. Often one whale will yield sixty or seventy casks of refined oil.

Not all the flesh is tried into oil. The best is canned and marked with French labels and sold as a delicacy. Some is dried and smoked or made into sausage. The scraps left in the boilers are dried and ground into feed for cattle, resembling ground coffee in appearance. The bones are used as a fertilizer for the fields. The whalebone—which hangs from the upper part of the mouth in shreds to help the whale hold in his mouth the food he gathers—is trimmed and cut into uniform lengths for the market. It is then washed in a solution of soda and spread out to dry. This

whalebone (or baleen, as it is called in commerce), is very expensive. It is worth at the present time \$15,000 a ton. All the products of the whale render a large one worth from \$1,200 to \$15,000.

Tromsöe is often called the "City of the Lapps," not only from the number of these people in the town itself, but also from the Lapp encampment near by. Tromsöe, however, is not the only home of the Lapps. All that part of Norway and Sweden and northwestern Russia which lies within the Arctic Circle is called Lapland. There are in Norway alone nearly 17,000 Laplanders. The name Lapp seems to come from *Lappu, land's end folk.* What a fitting name! A brave people they must be, to make their home in this land of barren rocks, snow, stunted pines, birches and moss. To the north only birches can grow, and these are little more than shrubs. It is only by keeping their foliage as small as possible that trees or shrubs are enabled to live at all, for the whole year's growth must be finished in a few weeks.

In the spring when the ice-sheet breaks up, the waters swarm with fish, and the reindeer-moss springs up from the almost barren rock. But for these, the Lapps must either perish or seek a better country, for the fish and moss provide them with nearly all they have. The moss is in some parts almost the only food of the reindeer. This wonderful animal is as dear to the Laplander as is the camel to the Arab. It furnishes milk, from which he makes butter and cheese. Its flesh yields him food and its skin clothing and tent-covering.

There are two classes of Lapps, the Mountain Lapps



LAPLANDERS

and the Sea Lapps. The mountain dwellers are a roving people, because the reindeer-moss and little patches of grass are so scarce that they are soon eaten up and new pastures must be found. In the summer the deer seek the water, for even in this cold coun-

try mosquitoes are very annoying. The Sea Lapps, although not wandering like the Mountain Lapps, have at least two or three homes. In the winter they move to the coast for the sake of the cod-fisheries. In the summer they settle upon the banks of some river or at the head of a fjord.

Here and there along the streets of Tromsöe we see Lapps, but they mingle little with the Norwegians, preferring to live by themselves. Some have fur clothing, while others have adopted something a step nearer the dress of their neighbors, and wear white woolen jackets with red, blue and yellow stripes. They are, however, very untidy. The fur caps they wear resemble inverted saucerpans.

Some of the Laplanders on the streets of Tromsöe have come from the encampment outside of town, to sell the trinkets they make. We look over the wares of one and find knife-handles and other articles carved from reindeer horns and walrus tusks, white-bear and reindeer skins, and sealskin boots, bags, and purses, as well as the eye-sockets, ears, and sections of the backbone of the whale! Curious souvenirs some of them are, if not altogether beautiful.

An hour's brisk walk brings us to the Lapp encampment, and such an odd village as it is! Everything is very rude and simple. Some families live in tents of reindeer skin stretched over poles, with a curtain for a door and a hole in the top to let out the smoke. Others have huts of stone and earth shaped like an Eskimo hut, with a rude wooden door.

Let us enter one of the latter. It is about twelve feet high and eight or nine feet in diameter. The

sods are held in place on the framework by stones. All around the inside there is a raised step of hard mud. This serves for tables, chairs, and beds, for on it the family eat, sit, and sleep. Their covering at night is a reindeer hide. In the middle of the hut is a pile of stones, which, when heated, form the stove. The fire on the stones is made of juniper twigs, and over it hangs a kettle suspended from three sticks set up together.

We have been told that if we wish a welcome, a few trifling presents are to be taken along. As soon as we show them, the best place in the hut is offered us. This is exactly opposite the door. If there had been no gifts, then we should have been kept near the door, while our host questioned us about our native land. Now coffee and reindeer milk and flesh are offered us by the father, who always divides the meat among the members of the family.

The Lapps are small people. Four feet and a half for women, and five feet for men, is a good height. Some have dark hair and blue eyes, but many have light brown hair and greenish gray eyes. The nose is flat, the mouth large, and the skin yellow and smoke-dried.

The Lapps' clothing is chiefly reindeer-skin worn with the hair inside, though some of the people wear coarse homespun woolen shirts. The skin clothing lasts for years, and is often handed down from one generation to another. The deerskin moccasins have sharp-pointed toes and are bound with red. One could scarcely tell a woman's dress from a man's except by the length of her jacket and sometimes by the head-



LAPLANDER BOY

is so fortunate as to kill a bear, then indeed he is looked upon as a hero, and besides being feasted for three days by the whole village, he ever after wears as a sort of trophy an odd decoration in his cap.

The gayest thing in the hut is the baby's cradle, which hangs by a deerskin strap around the mother's neck. The boat-shaped cradle is itself made of skin, with a sort of hood over the baby's head. Into it the little Lapp is fastened by flaps laced together at the middle. His blanket is soft rabbit-fur.

When the Lapp family goes to church, the father

dress she wears, which resembles somewhat the old Greek helmets. When the helmet is not worn, she turns her hair up in an odd little knot.

Here against one side of the hut stand the skis on which the father in winter tracks the elk or bear—one of the few pastimes of these hardy people. If he

digs a hole in the snow outside the church and into it baby is dropped. Then the snow is piled over him except for a little hole through which he may breathe, and there he sleeps cozily till the father and mother are ready to start for home.

Outside the hut nets are spread to dry. Here, too, are thrown fish-heads and whatever food the family and dogs have left. The Laplander loves his dogs and always shares his meat and porridge with them. Without these faithful animals he could never keep his herd of reindeer together, for often the deer must go far in search of moss and hay.

The herd of the Tromsöe encampment numbers between four and five thousand. The dogs must help keep all these animals in one place until all are moved to new pastures, when the dogs must drive them. It is the dogs, also, that keep away the savage wolves always lurking about watching for a chance to kill a deer.

Most of the deer are now gone with their keepers and the dogs many miles inland, but enough are left to supply the encampment with milk, butter and cheese. The herd has just been driven in, for this is milking day. The reindeer, as you know, are milked but twice a week, and in some cases only once.

One of the women throws a lasso over one horn of the deer to be milked and fastens it, and the animal stands quite still. A wooden scoop is held in one hand and the milking is done with the other. The scoop seems a very little dish to hold all the milk, but some deer, we must remember, give less than a coffee-cupful of milk. It is so rich, however, that water must be added before it is used.

The milk is poured into a wooden keg with a cover, and a skin bag is filled for those who are to take the home herd out to pasture to-morrow. Little butter is made, and that little is almost like tallow. The milk is mostly made into cheese, or *dried*. For drying, the milk is heated and the cream skimmed into a bladder and hung up to dry. The dried cream is called *kappa*, and is considered a great dainty. Stirred into hot water, it forms a porridge. In winter the milk is frozen into solid blocks and kept for months. For the cheese, rennet is added to the milk. When curded and dried it is packed in round wooden boxes and hung up in the smoke of the hut to be kept for winter. It, too, is considered a delicacy.

The Lapps have but few table articles; the most important are their spoons, which are either of silver or carved reindeer horn. Each member of the family carries his spoon in a little sack, and at meal time takes it out with care. When the meal is over all the washing it gets is given it with the owner's tongue, after which it is slipped back into its bag until the next meal. What an easy way of washing dishes! The plates are treated in quite as novel a way, being wiped with the fingers.

The short summer is a very busy time for the Lapps. The hay for the deer must be cut and dried. It is placed in little stacks ten or twelve feet high with poles run through it to prevent its being blown away. All the wood must be cut in the summer, and the reindeer moss gathered before the heavy snows fall. The fish, too, must be caught and salted for winter use, and the shoe-grass dried. This shoe-grass the

Lapps put into their deerskin moccasins when obliged to travel over rough, stony ground, and also 'n winter to keep out the cold.

Besides all this, the pine-bark salt must be prepared while a hole can be dug in the ground. These people

go south and gather the inner bark of the pine-tree, separate it into several thin layers, and dry it in the sun. It is then put into boxes made of the fresh outer bark of the pine and buried for a day in the earth while a fire is made over it.

When dug up the

A BURDEN BEARER

bark has turned a bright red, and tastes sweet. It is used like salt, to season food.

The Lapps raise a few vegetables and fruits, but these cannot be depended upon. In the gardens here we notice rhubarb, currants and blackberries, radishes, small potatoes and barley. Fruit bears only one year in three, and often the barley does not get ripe, so short is the summer. The ice breaks up in May or June and freezes again in September. Nine or ten weeks must see the rye, oats, and barley both planted and harvested.



When the Laplander moves, as he does so often, the reindeer must carry what tents the encampment possesses. It is harder to move in summer than in winter, for then the deer must carry the loads on the r backs instead of drawing them in sledges. On curious pack-saddles, made of two pieces of wood rounded to fit the deer's back, the load is balanced. Several loaded deer are then tied together. Before setting out, the master whispers in the leader's ear the place to which they are going, and the stops to be made on the way, firmly believing the animal understands it all.

The reindeer draws his master from place to place on a low, boat-shaped sledge. It is lined with furs and is usually large enough only for one, or at most two. The harness is of deerskin and is very simple. Sometimes it is merely a skin strap fastened to one horn for a rein, and a collar with straps which fasten to the sledge. In spite of its awkward appearance, the reindeer is a swift and sturdy traveler, often going a hundred miles a day. How fortunate this is for the Laplanders, for their winter home is far south, in Sweden, where moss is more plentiful. They once went to Russia, but there the deer were taken from them, and had to be bought back at auction. In Sweden, as in Norway, these poor people are more kindly treated.

But Tromsöe, with its Lapps, is only one of the interesting points of this Norwegian tour, and Hammerfest, the most northern town of the world, awaits us. From Tromsöe to Hammerfest is almost a day's journey by steamer. The coast is very dreary and

desolate. Glaciers appear often, and the trees have become fewer and smaller. Only small birches and junipers are to be seen. The grass grows in patches little bigger than a newspaper; yet these plots are called meadows. Does anyone wonder that every blade of grass is so carefully gathered?

The air becomes colder, and here and there we see blocks of ice floating in the water. Soon we pass genuine icebergs, and after a little are able to see whence they come. Down one of these dreary mountains flows a glacier, such as we have often seen since leaving the Lofodens. But in this high latitude the air is not warm enough to melt it before it reaches the foot of the mountain, so it slowly slides down into the sea and there breaks up into icebergs. This is the Jökel (Yö'kel) glacier, and the only one in Norway which reaches the ocean before melting.

Away up here in this region of perpetual snow, of glaciers, and dreary mountains, is a copper mine. It is the most northern one in the world successfully worked. Five hundred men are employed here.



CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD

And now we steam into the harbor of Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world. How different from reading about it in our geographies is the actual being here! There are fully fifty vessels in the harbor, flying English, German, Russian, Swedish, and American flags, as well as Norwegian craft of every description. Here is an English vessel unloading coal, there a Russian one from Archangel which has bravely plowed its way through the stormy Arctic seas with its cargo of flour. I will return laden with cod-liver oil. Hammerfest has a thriving oil trade with Spitzbergen and Russia.

Here are other vessels taking on cargoes of dried or salted cod, cod-liver oil, sealskins or whale oil, for Hammerfest is one of the chief fish-markets of the world. Here are brought not only the cod, whale, and other fish caught by Hammerfest fishermen, but also a goodly number of those caught much farther south. Everywhere along the shore here, as in Tromsöe and the Lofodens, are fish hung up on frames to dry. Indeed, there are fish everywhere! The beach is covered with them, and even the air smells fishy. In Hammerfest one eats fish, drinks fish, smells fish, and breathes fish. If there were no fish, there would be no Hammerfest.

While Hammerfest is only about sixty miles from the North Cape, yet its harbor is sheltered and its shipping safe. Although a thousand miles north of Christiania—whose harbor, we found, is frozen four months in the year—the port of Hammerfest is never frozen, for even here the warmth of the Gulf

Stream is felt. This, however, is about the limit of its influence, for not far to the north it is lost amid the Arctic ice. This ocean current brings these northern dwellers a gift from southern lands in the driftwood it bears upon its bosom—trunks of palm trees and giant ferns.

Away up here is a town of 3,000 people, yet after all not so far remote from the rest of the world, for a telegraph line gives direct communication with Christiania, and so with foreign countries. Here, too, are schools, a church, and a weekly newspaper. On the streets we see fishermen, sailors, Russian captains with long beards, and Finns and Norwegians in the dress of other lands.

The spot on which the town is built, however, is barren. There are no trees—only bare rock. The streets are narrow. The principal one winds to suit the curve of the shore. There are many warehouses and a few fine houses, though most of them are of wood.

Hammerfest has a hospital with fifteen beds. This is especially for fishermen, whose dangerous calling takes them out in the severest season of the year. Nuns, who have given their lives to this good work, are the nurses. Sometimes, too, the hospital ship of the British Missionary Society comes into the harbor. Its cost was \$50,000, and it is used solely in the great fishing region which stretches for six hundred miles around the North Cape and the west coast of Norway. Last year over eleven thousand patients were treated, and forty-five tons of good books were distributed among them.

In this most northern town is the meridian shaft which tells the number of degrees between it and that other meridian shaft at the mouth of the Danube River. It is a round granite column with a globe resting above its capital.

We must, of course, catch a glimpse of the midnight sun, which does not once set from May 13th to July 29th, and which, when once he hides his face, does not appear from November 21st to January 21st. But this long night is relieved in Hammerfest by the electric light, which is kept constantly burning during this season, although, as at Tromsöe, the sky is no darker than ours at twilight. The beautiful Aurora Borealis, too, lights up the winter sky with its streamers of rosy light.

Directions here are quite as confusing as the time of day. To see the sun in the north at midnight, watch it ascend without having dipped out of sight, and circle about in the heavens through the day, is bewildering to one accustomed to see it rise in the east and set in the west.

When this summer sun does smile upon the Northland, all life quickly responds. Plants sometimes grow three inches in a single day. Vegetables and fruits mature in six weeks. Flowers do not close in sleep. The sea-gulls and other birds fly all night upon their way. We have even seen a gentleman light his cigar by the sun's rays with the aid of a sun glass.

It is three o'clock when our steamer leaves Hammerfest, for it is a seven-hour voyage to the North Cape, and we must be there in time to row ashore from the vessel before midnight. We wish to stay

only long enough to see the midnight sun from this most northern rim of Europe, for the Cape and its island are uninhabited except for the sea-fowl that make it their home.

The waters of the Arctic Ocean are clear and of a beautiful blue. The air is pure, and we are always within sight of glaciers. The wind is very strong, so that it is difficult to walk from stern to prow of our ship. Regularly, even during the winter, freight steamers make the trip around the Cape to Vladso, on the Arctic Coast. It seems wonderful that their crews can endure the terrible cold and storms of the winter night off this dreary shore.

The North Cape is on the Mageröe (Mä'ger-ö-eh), the last island of Norway's Rampart. It is washed by the long, sweeping waves of the Atlantic, and by the stormy waters of the Arctic. The Cape is a mass of bluish-gray slate rock 1,000 feet high, with sides deeply cleft and sloping directly down into the sea. Down its side slowly moves a glacier.

There is no wharf at which the steamer may tie up, so we are rowed ashore in a small boat, and clamber over the rocks till we come to the foot of the cliff on the east side. Here is a path to the top beside which a strong rope is passed through iron rings fastened to the rock by heavy staples. The first part of the way is easy climbing, but soon it becomes very steep and difficult. The last part of the ascent is over a mossy slope. The way to the summit is marked by a line of white posts joined by a wire.

Off to the east is Bird Island, with its cliff more than a thousand feet high. Here the sea-gulls and

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT, NORTH CAPE

GARDE-MÈTE - HEPY



other birds gather by thousands on the rocky cliffs, and utter the most deafening cries when disturbed. To the north lies the dark Polar Sea which seems to have such a charm for explorers. This is about as far north as any but these brave men ever attempt to go.

Although the Cape is only about eighteen degrees from the North Pole, we find here a few bluebells, forget-me-nots, and bright yellow Arctic poppies, along with the dwarf-birch, which, though a hundred years old, seldom grows more than a foot in height. We must remember, however, that it is now the summer season and this is the coast where still a tiny breath of the Gulf Stream's warmth reaches, brought by the sea winds. In winter the north of Norway, especially at a distance from the coast, is a most desolate region.

On the top of the cliff is a brown granite column to mark King Oscar's visit here many years ago, and a beacon to commemorate the German Emperor's visit a number of years later.

Now a rocket is fired from the steamer, to tell us that if we wish to see the midnight sun from this far northern spot we must be watchful. As we turn to the north, there, seemingly about twenty feet above the horizon, the sun rests for a few moments, then slowly rises to begin another day. We hasten down the cliff and back to the steamer.

Before we know it the four days of the return voyage are at an end, and our vessel again enters Trondhjem Harbor. We have finished the second part of our Norwegian tour. The beautiful fjord land, the historic ground of Norway, now awaits us. Molde

Fjord comes again into view, and here the steamer is about ready to start for the south.

GEIRANGER

To the south of Molde lies Geiranger Fjord, one of the grandest in Norway. The fjord is not so long as many, and is very narrow, being nowhere more than a few yards wide; yet its sides rise almost perpendicularly to a height of 5,000 feet. So steep are their gray granite slopes that seemingly a cat could scarcely climb them. At certain points a stone

dropped from the top of the precipice must fall directly into the fjord.

Think of sailing for miles through this awful chasm!

Geiranger abounds in waterfalls—even in this land of falls the fjord is famed for its great number. We are seldom out of sight of



WATERFALLS EVERYWHERE

them, and often several are to be seen at once. Some are lost in spray before they reach the fjord, while others seem to drop directly from the clouds. Here is a beautiful one. Its streams cross and recross, separate and unite many times,

forming a network of silver threads like a bit of rare lacework spread on the side of the dark precipice. On the opposite wall is Pulpit Rock, and very much like an old-fashioned pulpit it looks.

Here and there, on a little ledge of these steep mountainsides, some brave Norseman has built his home. A wearisome climb it must be up the path for two thousand feet or more; yet the farmer is obliged, we are sure, to come down this steep cliff often, for here at its foot is his boathouse, while just outside is moored a neat boat with quaint red sails. His boat is as necessary to him as his log hut, for his poor little farm alone will not support his family, and he must eke out a living by fishing.

HERRING FISHERIES

From Geiranger Fjord to the southern coast of Norway stretches the great herring ground. This fjord region is as famed for herring as the Lofodens for cod. The herring, like the cod, is mostly sent to other countries, while the mackerel and haddock are kept for home use.

There are three herring seasons—spring, summer, and winter. The winter is the most important season. The herring do not stay in the same place throughout the season. When a shoal appears, word is sent to the fishermen. To discover their presence in the daytime a submarine telescope four or five feet long is placed in the water. At night a piece of lead is fastened to a cord and let down into the sea. The fish can be felt moving it as they swim about. Then boats are launched, and the herring season begins.

Thousands of men and hundreds upon hundreds of fishing boats are engaged each year, and each year millions of herring are sent to other countries. Quantities of the herring exported are pickled.

Salmon also is found in abundance in the fjord-country, chiefly in the rivers. The salmon fishing is largely in the hands of foreigners. These fish are very shy and hard to catch. To decoy them, white marks and stripes are painted on the rocks along the fjords and rivers, and planks painted white are floated in the water, to imitate waterfalls; for the waters near the falls are the favorite haunt of the salmon. They are then caught in nets.

Salmon is a favorite dainty in Norway, where it is called *lax*. On the steamers and in the hotels of the larger towns salmon is served in all sorts of ways—boiled, fried, broiled, smoked, in salad, jelly, and pudding.

THE LARGEST GLACIER IN THE WORLD

To the south of Geiranger lies another wonderful region, a region of fjord and mountain and glacier. After sailing to the head of beautiful Eid Fjord we leave the steamer and visit Justedal (Yoos'teh-däl), a mountain nearly 8,000 feet in height which bears upon its summit the greatest snow-mantle of all Europe. Think of 600 square miles of snow that never melts! From this vast snow mass—called the Justedalsbrae—several huge glacier streams flow down the mountainsides in different directions.

This glacier of Justedalsbrae is six times as large as the largest Swiss glacier. Like most Norwegian gla-

ciers, it lies lower than the Swiss glaciers, and so is easier to reach, for there is less mountain-climbing necessary. The reason for this is easily seen. The climate of Norwegian valleys is so much colder than that of the Swiss that the glaciers flow much farther



IN A NORWEGIAN FJORD

down the mountainsides before melting. The ice of this glacier almost reaches the sea.

There is a constant groaning sound made by the glacier, caused by the breaking apart of huge blocks of ice in its slow decent. What seems at a distance like a little bank of snow is probably a wall of ice eighty or a hundred feet high. What look like wrinkles to us are crevasses or chasms hundreds of feet

deep, and the seeming puff of smoke which now and then comes from it is really an avalanche of snow and ice. Along its edge are rocks and boulders which it has torn from the solid rock wall of the mountain on its way down. We have no wish to venture over this dangerous ice-river with its yawning gaps and falling ice masses. Some travelers do venture, however. There are men who act as guides, and who seem utterly fearless in these dangerous places.

SOGNE (SOG'NEH)

To one who loves grand and awful scenery, Sogne Fjord, to the south of Eid, is the gem of all Norwegian fjords. It is the longest and deepest fjord in Norway, and sends off the greatest number of arms. The depth of the fjord is in some parts 4,000 feet. Then think of sailing for a hundred miles between perpendicular cliffs in many places 5,000 feet high! The barrenness of Sogne's rocky shores adds much to their solemnity and grandeur.

Everywhere are deep gorges filled with masses of snow, or with mighty glaciers which almost reach the fjord before melting. Often there is no sign of life anywhere upon the steep shore. The mountains rise silent, grim, and forbidding! The stillness oppresses one. Seldom do we see pasture lands, orchards, or cornfields.

Now we enter one of the finger-tips of this arm of the sea, which ends in the famous Laerdal Gorge. We leave the steamer and ride up this ravine. Here the Laerdal River has cut its way amid cliffs which rise on either side to a height of nearly 5,000 feet.

The space between these mountainsides is scarcely wide enough for the river as it dashes and foams along, almost deafening one with its roar. The only place for a road through this narrow valley is on the brow of the steep precipice. Here a roadway has been cut out of the solid rock and flanked by boulders.

When this roadway was laid out, the engineers had to be lowered over the cliffs by ropes. It is enough to take one's breath away to be whirled around the sharp turns of the river while driving. On one side are towering cliffs, on the other the precipice at the foot of which the Laerdal seethes and foams.

Upon emerging from this valley, on our return, we are glad to stop for a rest at the little village where the river empties into the fjord, for this scenery, so grand and awful, causes a terrible strain upon one's nerves. And there is grander to come.

A few more hours on Sogne bring us to that branch called Naerofjord, counted the most sublime of all these ocean arms. Here we sail beneath towering cliffs where a deep twilight surrounds us. The captain tells us that for most of the year the sun never shines down into these awful depths. On looking up we can see only a narrow rift of sky like a ribbon floating far above us. To gain some idea of the vastness of these mountains one must compare them with objects upon their sides. Cattle grazing here seem to the naked eye like mice, while a church steeple appears no more than a foot high.

So winding is the Naerofjord that often the cliffs seem to close before us and we imagine the head of

the fjord is reached, but a sudden turn in our course opens up vast distances beyond. The waters are a beautiful green. It is not known to what the color is due—whether to their great depth or to the clear-

ness of the air. Even the breasts of the white sea-gulls seem tinted with green when they fly near the surface of the water.

After a few hours on Naero-fjord we come to its head, where the fjord chasm is continued in Naerodal, or Naero Valley.

This valley, also, is so deep that the sun reaches it for only a few hours even on the longest day of summer, and most of the year not at all.

The valley is really a part of the fjord, only without water. Once the ocean must have entered it, as now it enters the fjord. In places the mountains rise five thousand feet without a tree or blade of grass upon their sides. One curious mountain is called the Jordalsnut. It is shaped like a giant thimble, and glitters in the sunlight, for here the valley widens a little. Up the valley winds a roadway, blasted out of the solid rock in places, and built



THE VALLEY

up everywhere with masonry. This road is so steep for horses that tourists, if able to do so, are required to climb it on foot.

There is a mighty waterfall on each side of the road here, and although the valley winds and turns constantly, one or the other fall is in sight for a great distance. These two waterfalls are the most beautiful of the nineteen that we have counted in the Naero-fjord. Though surpassing even the celebrated Giessbach in Switzerland, they are not looked upon as equal to several others in Norway.

Not far from the Naerodal is a road with nearly as interesting scenery as this valley itself. The drive has twenty-seven turns in only a short distance, and at each turn some new and beautiful picture comes into view.

BERGEN

From Sogne we pass on to Bergen, the "Rainy City." It is said that out of the 365 days in the year, Bergen has 134 rainy days, 26 snowy days, and 40 or more foggy ones! For this reason the neighborhood is sometimes laughingly called "The Fatherland of Drizzle."

There are many amusing stories told about Bergen's rainy weather. A Bergen seaman once came into his native port when the sun was shining, and, never having seen it shine there before, thought he must be in the wrong place, and immediately sailed out again. Bergen horses, it is claimed, shy at a person who does not carry an umbrella. It is said, too, that a rain-coat and umbrella are the first presents given to a child born in this "weeping city."

BERGEN



The town is built upon a hill sloping directly from the harbor. The locality is quite different from the hills around Sogne, for it has green meadows and orchards. A lake on this hillside supplies the city with water, through pipes.

Bergen harbor is long and narrow and has a line of wharves and warehouses for nearly its whole length. Bergen is the second city of Norway in population and is Norway's chief fish-market for all the world.

The boats which bring the fish from Lofoden Islands and other points at the north have very high bows, so that when the fish is piled high about the mast the helmsman can still see the bows to steer by. They usually have a large square sail, gaily colored. This is soaked in a preparation of oil and tar, to prevent mildew.

Ships from nearly every country in the world are loading or unloading at the wharves. The cargo they bring may be flour, grain, coal, machinery, cotton, or livestock, but the cargo they take away is sure to be herring, dried or salted cod, cod-liver oil, or whale-oil. Hundreds of thousands of barrels of pickled herring are exported each year.

The warehouses in which the fish are stored stand very close together. They have sharp-pointed, red-tiled roofs, and are very old and quaint. The first warehouses in Bergen were built hundreds of years ago by the Germans. Merchants of the famous Hanseatic League came here and gained control of all the wood and fish trade of Norway, compelling all Norwegians to send their fish first to Bergen. Thousands of German traders from Hamburg, Lubeck

and Cologne came to Bergen to exchange their wares for fish and wood.

The Hanseatic League, let us remember, was in those days very powerful. Although the League has not existed for centuries, yet the fish-trade still centers in this quaint old city. Germany still carries on a rich trade with Bergen and supplies Norway with most of its foreign goods.

Here stands one of the old Hanse houses of the fourteenth century. Its second story contains curios of those olden times. The scales and weights are of two kinds—one kind for buying and one for selling. Here also are ancient German clocks and watches patterned after the “Nuremberg eggs,” lanterns, snuff-boxes, candlesticks, drinking cups and tankards, machines for cutting cabbage, and lamps in which cod-liver oil was burned. The third story has offices and bedrooms. These beds are even more curious than the Dutch beds. They are like the berths of a ship, closed on one side with hinged or sliding doors. On the other side they have shutters opening to a passage beyond, so that the maids could make the beds without going into the rooms.

Early each Saturday morning the fish-market opens. Let us visit it. On the shore 150 or 200 fishing-boats are drawn up, and there the owners cry their wares. All Bergen must be out to buy fish, judging by the crowd around the railing. There seems to be more cod than anything else, but we see some fine large halibut. Some must surely weigh 150 pounds. These are cut in large slices, as steak is cut in our home markets. Besides the cod and

halibut, there are herrings, flounders, and haddocks. And what wrangling there is over prices! The buyers try to beat down the fishermen, and the fishermen put up their prices so they may be beaten down and still sell for a good price. The two even come to angry words sometimes, but they do not lay it up against each other. The prices really are ridiculously low; for a small sum one can buy fish enough to last a family a week.

But fish is not the only thing sold on fish-market day. Here are long tables of vegetables, fruit and flowers. Here and there are rosy girls with firkins of butter swinging from a wooden yoke over the shoulder. A pint of berries, a bunch of flowers, a string of onions, is often all one person will bring, yet nothing is too small to be sold at market. There

is no time wasted waiting to sell these trifles, for while the good women wait for a customer, they sit and knit stockings or darn old ones. They seem almost as busy as the German women of the Black Forest, who plait straw as they walk along the streets.



GOING TO MARKET

Such quaint dress as one sees here! Wooden shoes, with no heel and only a little toe, are worn by the peasants. In front of us is a young man in knee-breeches, a jacket with open rolling collar, and a quaint hat. Over there we see a group of girls in gay scarlet petticoats and black jackets. But here is the queerest dress of all. It is the Saeterdal costume of trousers that reach to the arm-pits, and a short waistcoat trimmed with rows and rows of silver buttons. The fish-women wear blue woolen gowns, gaudy handkerchiefs, thick mufflers, and a round cap with a white band around the forehead.

Bergen is a busy city. It has churches, banks, hotels, shops, museums, art-galleries, theaters and parks. Its streets are noisy with the many drays, wagons, and carriages rattling over the stony streets. People are hurrying this way and that. Children are on their way to school with books in knapsacks thrown over their backs.

Bergen has excellent schools. In the common schools church-history and the catechism are taught. Besides the common branches, the boys have athletics and military drill to prepare them for the army. School-hours are from nine to twelve and from three to five. The industrial school is for girls between the ages of seven and sixteen. One half the time is given to study, and the other half to needlework. It is interesting indeed to see five hundred girls hemming, darning, cutting garments, and knitting! They are very ambitious to learn, and very painstaking with their work.

After a day of sight-seeing we are glad to get back

to our rooms and rest. Our hotel is a roomy two-story building with a steep red-tiled roof, and diamond-paned windows which open out and have boxes of flowers in them. The room given us is clean, but very plain. The chief thing in it is the bed. And such an array of pillows and coverings we have never seen before. The bed itself is small—very small. There is first a mattress, while on that, at the head, is a wedge-shaped pillow sloping from eight or nine inches in thickness to one inch. On top of this is a broad, square pillow and over all a sheet too small to tuck in (Norwegian sheets never tuck in), another pillow, loose blankets ready at any moment to slip off, and finally a fourth pillow, a coverlet and an eider-down puff! What work it must be to make a Bergen bed and be sure that each pillow is in its proper place!

For dinner there are ten kinds of cheese and nine kinds of sausages on the table, besides smoked reindeer tongue, sardines, smoked salmon, and flat-bread. In addition to all this, beef is brought in. It has been finely chopped and mixed with suet, eggs, milk, cracker-crumbs and spice, and fried in balls. For dessert we have a dish altogether new to us. It is thick sour milk mixed with sweetened bread-crumbs and fruit syrup, and served with sweet cream.

Our breakfast is equally hearty. It consists of boiled and fried salmon, hacked steak, omelet, four kinds of cheese, flat-bread, pickled herring and coffee. Luncheon brings hot and cold fish, chopped meat rolled into balls with rich gravy, white and brown

bread, red cheese in large balls, and our choice of tea or coffee.

The shops of Bergen are among the finest in Norway; that is, they contain just the things tourists wish to buy as souvenirs. The shopkeepers, too, are very polite and honest. Indeed, so honest are the Norwegian people that one noted traveler, who could not speak the language, used to hold out a handful of money in payment for lodging or souvenirs and let the people take their own pay. He felt sure he would never be cheated.

Let us enter this shop. If our purses were only twice as full, we might perhaps go away satisfied. The most prominent articles of sale in this, as in all Bergen shops, are umbrellas and rain-coats, for nothing is so popular as these, not only for birthday gifts, but also for confirmation presents. But as we are well supplied, we turn from them to what interests us more.

Here are quaint old tankards, beautiful enamel silver brooches, filigree chains and bracelets, and costly eiderdown cloaks, rugs, and quilts. We see a great deal of the colored embroidery used on girdles and bodices, and curious knives carved from wood or made of steel; many of these latter are etched with Norwegian flags. This tray is full of beautiful carved ivories, while over in the corner are dolls in native costume. "Almost as many different costumes as there are in the Black Forest," we cry, and immediately decide that dolls must be among the souvenirs we buy.

Bergen is a gay as well as a busy town. It is the

starting point for tourists to Hardanger and Sogne; so through all the tourist season its streets are gay with the costumes of people from other countries. The band plays on Sunday afternoons after church, and then all the best people promenade. There is much merry chatting and happy laughter, but never any disorder.

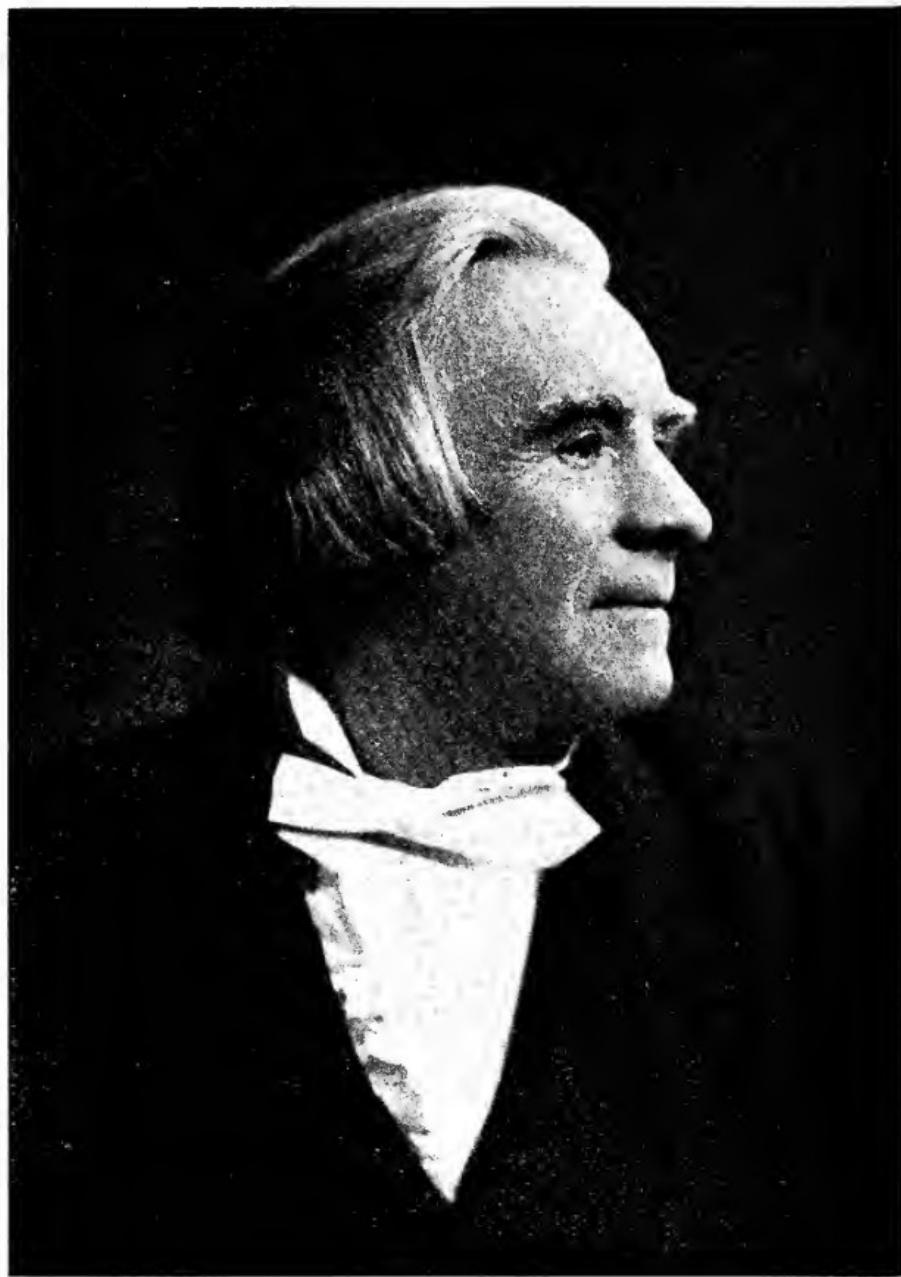
Although Bergen is much visited by people from other countries, yet here are still found many quaint and ancient customs. One of them is Flyttledager, or Change-day. Change-day is the time servants change their places, and comes the middle of April and the middle of October, since servants here are hired for six months.

On these days servants leave their old places at two in the afternoon and go to the new at nine in the evening. The few hours between are made use of, you may be sure. The maids all put on their best clothes and spend the afternoon and early evening promenading the streets, where they are joined by their friends. At no other season are Bergen streets gayer than on Change-day.

Norway has had many illustrious men, but none has given to the world more joy than Bergen's famous son, Ole Bull, the great violinist. Let us visit the cemetery where he lies. A bronze urn five feet high marks the spot where he rests. On it are these words:

ALL HAIL, THOU BLESSEDEST BARD OF SONG
DIVINE THY BOW

His grave looks out over the beautiful Bergen Bay he loved so well.



OLE BULL, THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST

A visit must be paid to his island home, which is still owned by his family. It is not far from the city, and is called Lysoe, or "Isle of Light." The old monks gave it this name seven hundred years ago. Lichen-covered boulders and low hills covered with birch, spruce and pine make up the six hundred acres which constitute this beautiful home.

The house consists of a hall and two or three servants' cottages. The hall itself is yellow with a tower at one corner and a portico in front. Winding stairs lead to the music-room on the second floor. Here the great musician lived on the happiest terms with his peasants and poorer neighbors. Every year he gave them a feast and dance. One of the dainties of the feast was always *smörbrod*. The guests always brought their own fiddler. Ole Bull dearly loved to make these people happy.

We make a special trip to the old church of Borgund, which, although a good distance away, well repays us.

It is a wooden building, black with age and also from the coats of tar which have been put upon it to preserve it. In shape it is a little like a Chinese pagoda, its six tiers of roofs being very sloping and its gables tipped with crosses or with the beaks of ancient Viking ships.

The church was built eight hundred years ago, and is the oldest complete building in Norway. Its width is only twenty feet, while its length is forty feet. The roofs and sides are covered with long shingles having rounded lower edges. Inside, it is open to the roof. The only light which enters is

through a kind of cloister around its base. There is no longer any service held in this quaint old building.

AN ENGINEERING FEAT

And now let us see what railroad engineering in Norway is like. Nowhere else can we understand this better than on the road from Bergen to Vossevangen, a distance of sixty-seven miles. We learn

that the trip will take four hours. It seems as though we have only nicely started when suddenly we find ourselves in one of the tunnels for which this road is famous. Another and another—and still another! In such quick succession do they come that we



CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET

have to give all our time to counting them. We fear no one will believe us when we say that in the sixty-seven miles we have counted fifty-five tunnels; yet this is actually true! Two trains each way a day are run between these two places.

The hotel of Vossevangen is rather a pretentious three-story building of modern style with many

gables, and a piazza overlooking a pretty lake. To the back rises the wooded slope of a hill.

Vossevangen is a prosperous place, for it is the market-garden of Bergen. Most of the fruits and vegetables in the Bergen markets came from this little town. As we walk up and down the streets, waiting for the train to Bergen, we see load after load of potatoes, peas, beans, and strawberries and other fruits on their way to the station to be shipped to the Rainy City.

A regiment of soldiers, too, is being sent through Vossevangen. The men wear helmets, and silver-colored ornaments on their gray uniforms, while the officers are dressed in blue and gold. A very jolly company they are, as, like ourselves, they walk up and down the streets.

The Norwegian army is small, but able to do much brave fighting because of its careful training. There has, however, been no opportunity to try its real strength for many years, for Norway has long enjoyed peace. Norwegian boys receive military drill in many of the schools. Later, the life of a soldier is followed as earnestly as a Norwegian youth follows any calling he chooses. The king is the commander-in-chief of the army.

There is in the Norwegian army a corps of skaters, or skiers. They are armed with repeating rifles. It is said they can move as rapidly as the best trained cavalry, and have astonished the officers of other nations in their practice contests. They can travel on the ice a distance of eighty miles a day, carrying all their equipments.

Every able-bodied young man when he reaches the age fixed by law must serve in the army. The only exception made is in the case of the men of Finnmark, the northernmost province of Norway. The Government considers that the Finnmarkers have enough to do to wrest their living from the frozen soil of that Arctic land, so they are exempted from the long service required of others.

HARDANGER

One day's journey from Bergen brings us to the last fjord we shall visit—beautiful Hardanger, the fjord most visited by tourists. The captain of our steamer tells us it is 68 miles long, but with all its arms it measures 140 miles.

From an island outside the fjord a little boat brings our Norwegian pilot, who climbs the rope ladder like a cat. Steering a vessel between these many islands is a difficult task, but he takes the helm as though it were the simplest thing in the world.

And now it is lunch time; but in order that we may not miss too much of the beautiful scenery, the steamer slows up until we are on deck again. Partly by islands and partly by points of land locked together, Hardanger is divided into a number of sections which seem much like lakes.

"How different from Sogne!" all exclaim, as the beautiful view opens out before us. The scenery of Hardanger is famed not only for its grandeur, but for its beauty and variety as well. Countless little islands of green like the one we have passed fill the entrance, while upon Hardanger's highest

mountain-top is the snow-mantle of the Folgefond. From this snow-mass descend several glaciers which terminate in leaping, sparkling waterfalls. Lower on the mountainside grow grass and firs, alders and birches, making this fjord much less drear than Sogne. Hardanger has many farms and red-tiled peasant cottages upon its lower slopes. Fields of golden grain wave in the sunlight. The water is a beautiful azure, and the sky is bright. Even the faces of the Hardanger people are in marked contrast to those of the people of Sogne. Here the peasants seem contented and happy, while there they were haggard and worn.



MAKING HAY

The Hardanger costume is the gayest and most picturesque of all Norway. The women wear a dark but bright short skirt bordered with bright velvet and tinsel, over which is a long apron, often with gay stripes running crosswise or a border of the Hardanger embroidery now seen in the stores at home. The bright red bodice is cut low and

heavily beaded in a design looking much like a breast-plate, with dangling disks and ornaments. Underneath the bodice is a full-sleeved white waist.

Married women wear a peculiar winged head-dress of white, with crimped cambric fastened close around the face and rolled over a wooden frame. It flares very broadly at the sides, and hangs far down the back. The women often have fancy pockets hanging at the side from which they take their knitting as they walk along. The hair of the Hardanger girls is braided with ribbons, and sometimes a little beaded cap is worn. The men of Hardanger wear very wide trousers of coarse homespun, and slouch hats. Their jackets have many silver buttons. The quaint silver jewelry worn by the peasants of this region has many pendent disks and crosses.

As our steamer glides up this long arm of Hardanger, the shores press close together. Steep mountains rise on either side. At the head of the fjord nestles the little village of Odde, well-known to tourists.

In the distance are a number of glaciers, which end in waterfalls, for this valley is an outlet of the Folgefonden glacier, an immense perpetual snow-mass measuring 108 square miles. One of its streams is called the Buarbrae. It flows through a valley so narrow that the glacier fills it completely and stands a wall of ice four or five hundred feet high. At the foot of the glacier are a number of grottoes, out of which the melted glacier flows as a sparkling, dashing, foaming waterfall. Over this stream is a wicker bridge which looks too frail to be trusted.

This is surely the region of waterfalls! Besides the Buarbrae stream there is the Laatefos, one of the grandest falls in Norway, while within sight of Odde is also the Espelandsfos, almost as beautiful as Laatefos. Besides these, only a good day's journey away, we are told, is what some judges hold to be the finest fall in all the country, the Skaeggedalfos. Then, for one who is not afraid of hard climbing, there is the Round Valley Fall to be visited. From the foot of the cataract one can look up and see the water leap over the ledge, over eight hundred feet above, in one great mass, and then dash to spray below. The noise is deafening. The black and frowning cliff hangs over one.

On account of the beautiful scenery surrounding it, the little town of Odde has become famous. It is famous, also, for its violins, the finest being the "Hardanger." These have six under strings and four upper, the upper tuned either in unison or harmony.

One would think that so near the great snow-cap of the Folgefond strawberries would never grow, yet grow they do in surprising quantities. We meet children on the road selling them in green leaf-baskets.

THE NORWEGIAN PEOPLE

The men of Norway are rather thickly and strongly built, though not very tall. Both men and women have fair complexions, light, silky hair, and the very bluest of eyes. First cousins, indeed, they must be to the ancient Angles of whom St. Gregory said when he beheld them, "Not Angles but angels!"

The Norwegians are absolutely honest. If any

article of our baggage is mislaid we need have no fear. It may be a little slow in being returned to us, but returned it will surely be, and in good condition.

Then, too, Norwegianshop-keepers do not try to take advantage of tourist - customers, either in prices or in making change.

These people are courteous, kind - hearted, and hospitable. All questions concerning routes, historical places, beautiful scenery, or Norwegian life are answered politely, and a real interest is taken



NORWEGIAN WOMAN

in those who come from other lands. Often the Norwegians put themselves out a great deal to serve travelers. They always set before their guests the best fare at their disposal, though it may be plain. The cordial custom of shaking hands with strangers is followed here in so hearty a way as to make one from another land feel quite at home.

These descendants of the Vikings show as much perseverance and bravery in battling with their poor soil and frost-locked lands as did the old sea kings in battling with the waves. Norway stands abreast of the leading countries of the world in culture, education and general advancement, if not in material wealth. No other nation, however, keeps its position with so terrible an effort as Norway, so we should honor and admire the Norwegians for what they have accomplished.

Although the Norwegian people come much in contact with other nations, they cling to their simple ways, quaint dress, and interesting customs. Even their names are distinctive. If the father's name is Ole Johnson, his oldest son's name will be Ole Oleson, and all the rest of his sons will have Oleson for their surname, and the daughters will bear the name of Olesdatter (Ole's daughter). The first grandson, however, will be named after his grandfather.

It is not surprising that Norway has produced a long list of noted men, for the disadvantages of soil and climate in this Northland have served to make the people not only brave and hardy, but persevering and thoughtful. These qualities, added to the excellent schools of Norway, give the Norwegians as a nation a very high degree of intelligence.

NORWEGIAN SCHOOLS

The schools, although far apart in the thinly settled regions, are excellent. Every child is compelled to attend school, and there are few Norwegians who cannot read and write. German and English are

spoken by many of the people. These languages are taught in a number of the schools. There is throughout the land a great respect for education. The handsomest building in a town or village is usually the schoolhouse, and teachers, governesses, and tutors are looked up to with the utmost respect and esteem.

In the common schools reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Bible history and the catechism are taught. In many schools the boys have gymnastics and military drill. Once a year all the boys of the public schools unite for a military parade. This is made a gala-day. Some of the schools have bands, which furnish the music, and after the parade the boys are given a grand feast.

Another great day, though a trying one, in the life of a Norwegian boy or girl is that of the public examination before the parish pastor and the other members of the school committee. Every child over nine must take this examination. In Norway the Church and the schools are very closely connected. Not only the Church but the law forbids any boy or girl being confirmed who has not been sent to school to receive religious teaching, and who cannot read the Bible.

In many of the wild and remote parts of the country the people are too scattered to maintain a school. In such regions teachers are sent from farm to farm, living with each family for a time in order to teach the children. These home schools are called "Ambulatory Schools."

In a number of towns industrial schools similar to that of Bergen have been started. Here boys

learn the different trades and girls the household arts. Besides these there are agricultural schools, schools of forestry, a military and naval school, an art school, six schools of navigation, and at the head of all the famous University of Norway at Christiania, which has drawn its pupils from nearly all the countries of Europe as well as from the home land.

Indeed, Norway may justly be proud of her school system, and it is largely to the opportunities afforded them for learning that the Norwegians owe the self-respect and self-reliance for which they are noted the world over.

The little folks of Norway are very carefully reared. They are taught to revere the aged, and to look upon the grandfather's blessing as something very serious and important. They respect highly their pastor and teacher, and show them great deference.

Norwegian babies are rolled up in bandages much like German babies. A Norwegian mother often ties her little one up in a shawl and carries it on her back to the hayfield, but once there the baby is



NORWEGIAN CHILDREN

hung to the limb of a birch or spruce for the wind to rock to sleep. At home its cradle is often only a box hung from the ceiling by stout cords fastened to the corners.

As soon as a Norwegian child is old enough to use his little hands at all he is taught to do some useful work. The girls learn to knit, spin and weave upon the large hand-looms still found in many homes. While still very young they learn the simpler patterns of the home-made embroidery, lace and bead-ing. They are also taught to make butter and cheese, to cook, and care for the household clothing and pro-visions. Norwegian boys early begin their lessons in gardening, tool-making, and wood-carving.

The girls dress much like their mothers, with the exception of the head-dress, which is lacking in the girls' costume. The boys' costume closely resembles that of their fathers. Even the very poorest chil-dren have neat clothes to wear to school, for in this the parents take much pride.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

It would almost seem that the Norwegians, with the hard work they are obliged to do, and the dreari-ness of the country, especially in winter, would have few amusements, but such is not the case. These people seem to get much enjoyment out of simple pastimes. The long dark winter is the principal season for pleasure, though the summer has its share.

The summer season is longer than one would sup-pose. When winter does break up, it vanishes as though by magic, and summer comes with a bound.

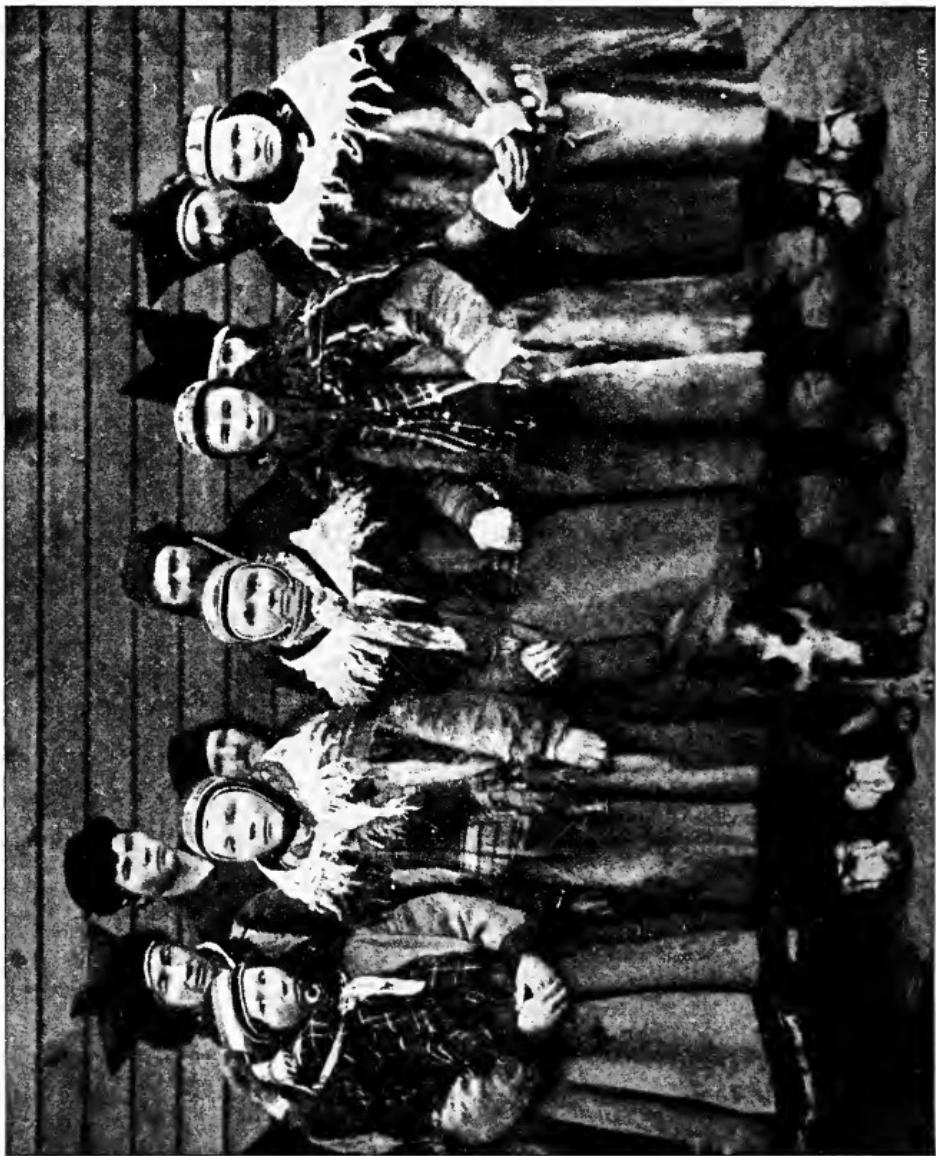
By May city people move to their summer homes and a round of pleasure begins. Picnics, fishing, boating, and all kinds of outdoor games make the fjords at this season almost as gay as in the winter. Bathing is always a popular sport, though somewhat dangerous for any but good swimmers. The fjords are very deep and the shores very steep. Sometimes, too, there are jelly-fish about with a poison which stings the skin of the bather. Many of the villas have bath-houses with cages to keep the jelly-fish out.

In winter and spring the men go in small parties up the steep, snow-covered* mountainsides to hunt bears in the dense forests. In the north and west wild reindeer and the giant elk also are tracked over the snow. Sometimes a Norway elk stands $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and weighs 1,500 pounds. In Norway the elk are more numerous during severe winters than at any other time. It is said they are driven to seek shelter from Russian wolves. The wolf is afraid to cross the metal rails of the Trondhjem-Christiania railway, and the elk is not, so it seeks safety by crossing the line. The elk is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose.

The fjords, lakes and rivers are very gay in winter. Then men, women, and children go out on the ice to skate. They practice fancy figures and high speed skating and often hold contests for prizes. A very pretty sight it must be to see hundreds of people on the ice at night, each carrying his torch.

One would think that everyone is out for a good time; yet the fishermen come to ply their trade in sober earnest. They appear, however, to have as

NORWEGIAN PEASANTS IN WINTER DRESS



much fun as anyone. They may be seen pigging almost any day in winter. *Pigging* is sitting on a sled and pushing it along with two spiked sticks. Over rough ice these fishermen can go faster on a sled than on skates, and can also carry their fishing tackle more easily. They cut holes in the ice through which to fish. This makes skating exceedingly dangerous, but danger seems only to make the sport more attractive.

Sleighing is another favorite pastime in Norway. At Christmas sleighing parties are often formed to ride even the long distance from Christiania to one of the western fjords. Such a ride takes four or five days. Women as well as men enjoy these long sleigh rides in midwinter.

Great interest is taken in racing, and there are trotting clubs all over the country. Instead of the races being held in mild weather on a ground track, they take place in the winter, on ice. The races usually meet during the second week of February. Then not only do all the villagers go down to the lake to witness the gay scene, but people from all parts come, by rail, by post-road, on foot, and on skis. Norwegian races are as gay as the Derby in England. The quaint, bright dress of both men and women make the scene a festive one, for here are usually to be seen the picturesque peasant costumes from many sections.

Coasting is another Norwegian amusement. The sled may be long enough only for one, or it may seat eight. Usually it holds only two. The steering is done with a pole fifteen or twenty feet long, held at

one end in the hand and gripped between the arm and the side. The other end of the pole trails off

behind over the snow and serves the same purpose as the rudder of a boat.

The national sport, however, is not skating or racing or coasting, but skiing. Skis are long, narrow skates turned up at the front end like a toboggan and fastened to the



IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

feet by straps. Think of wearing skates ten feet long! It requires infinite skill, too, to use them. They must be kept exactly parallel, or the ends are sure to hit together and trip one up.

Skis were first used, and are still used, as a means of travel in districts where there are no highways or where the roads are buried under deep snow. On skis one can travel where it would be impossible for a horse or man to walk. Few sports give such opportunity of showing presence of mind and courage as this.

A great skiing contest is held near Christiania about the middle of February. There are really two contests—a time-race thirteen miles across coun-

try, and a leaping race on the slope of a hill, with a lake at its foot.

Early in the morning of the day on which the leaping race occurs, the roads are thronged with people come to witness the leap, or *hoprend*, as they call it. The slope is 190 yards in length, and the starting-point is 160 feet above the lake, while the terrace from which the leap is made is two-thirds of the way down. The whole descent takes only from seven to nine seconds. The leap here is 90 feet, but 100 in some places is not uncommon, and even 120 was once made.

Dancing is popular in Norway, and in some parts forms almost the only entertainment at the long winter evening parties, at fairs, and at weddings. There are few Norwegians who cannot dance, and many are very pretty dancers, though the Norwegian dances are very unlike ours.

HOLIDAYS

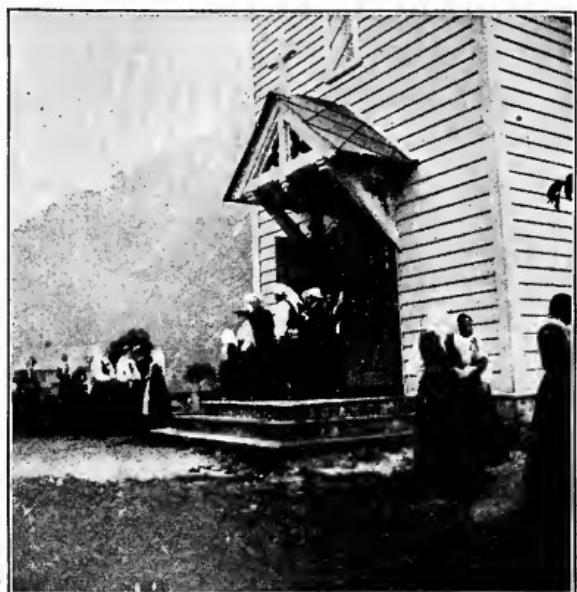
Norway seems to have its share of holidays. National Independence Day, the day corresponding to our Fourth of July, comes on May 17th. It celebrates the freeing of Norway from Danish rule, and is observed much as is our Fourth, with cannons, fireworks, and big parades, but without the fire-crackers.

Everywhere on Independence Day flags are seen, as in fact they are on nearly all fête-days and even on birthdays. The Norwegians make more of their flag than even we make of our Stars and Stripes. They seem to think that people of other lands must love it, too, for everywhere it is displayed in the shops, among souvenirs for foreigners.

In this interesting country there are two Christ-

mases—one on the 25th of December, as with us, and another on the 21st of June—only neither is called Christmas. The winter holiday is Jule, or

Yule, and the summer, St. Han's or St. John's Day. St. John's marks the longest day in the year. Balefires are lighted to celebrate the triumph of light over darkness, the victory of the summer sun over the long winter night. In some localities every



A CHURCH YARD

family lights its fire and some people set their boats ablaze, letting them drift out upon the waters of the fjord as a funeral-rite for the death of darkness at the hand of the summer sun.

On St. John's Day everything is decked in green, but the greens are not the same as those of Yuletide. On this midsummer holiday principally beech and birch are used for decorations. Carts, wagons, carriages and even railway locomotives are trimmed, and nearly every window of every house has a branch of green sticking out of it. City people go into the country, and country people go into the city. All feast and have a jolly time.

The Norwegians have one pretty custom both on St. Han's Day and at Yule-tide. They put out sheaves of rye or barley on a pole as a feast for the birds. This is so regular a practice that many people keep their pole always standing near the house or fastened to the roof of the barn.

Of all the holidays in this Northland Christmas is the most joyous. The Scandinavians used to believe that Jule was the giant of darkness and that Baldur (or some say Thor), was the god of light. These two had a battle twice a year. In December the sun-god got the worst of it, but at midsummer he conquered Jule. A Jule, or Yule log was burned in December as a prophecy that in the next battle the god of light would again win.

The Yule decorations are of pine, spruce, and fir. Everything is trimmed as on St. John's Day. The good housewife goes to the storehouse and takes down a part of the flat-bread from where the big round cakes are hanging by a string passed through a hole in their center. This is to be given to the poor to make their Christmas happier.

The Yule-tide celebration, however, really begins two weeks before. The house is carefully swept, the tables are scrubbed, and the greens are gathered. These are not merely hung on the wall, as with us, but are also sprinkled over the floor. The women bake sweet-cakes and a fresh supply of flat-bread, while the men hunt the deer or fish. A sheep is killed and made into sausage, which takes the place of our Christmas turkey. The tree is brought into the hall and hung with candles. The greens are placed on wall

and floor, and all the fine dishes and old tankards are brought out.

When all is ready the family hold prayers, and then the children light candles and hang them around the room; after this is finished all look with happy eyes toward the beautiful tree.

The Christmas dinner-table is long and narrow. In the middle is a big pile of flat-bread, while around it are dishes of cheese, a large roll of butter,

often weighing twenty or thirty pounds, and brown bread of rye or barley, with prunes, caraway, and spice in it. When this course is finished, the family sings songs. Then come fish and sausage, potatoes and onions, and lastly the cakes are brought on.



AN OLD NORSE CHURCH

When the meal is ended all say, "Thank you," to the mother and lead her into the next room while they sing carols.

Yule lasts till January 6th. After the first day, which is generally spent at home or with relatives, there is much visiting among neighboring families, and at these gatherings dancing is the usual entertainment.

Of holiday sports the children have their full share. At Yule-tide they are given many pleasures. They are allowed to wear their prettiest clothes, which for the girls are dresses of gay homespun, and for the boys garments of bright colors, especially red and blue. On Christmas Eve it is the children who light the candles on the tree as well as those which are placed around the room.

Later, on the same evening, each child takes a lighted torch to guide him on his way to church. It is really beautiful to see all these lights moving toward the same place. The children carry with them gifts for the poor, for they are taught while young to sympathize with those in need. After the service the pastor stands at the front of the church with his back to them, to receive their gifts. And then what a race there is for home! for the one who gets there first is supposed to be the happiest child for the whole year to come.

The children are sure to be up bright and early on Christmas morning, for this is the time they are allowed to play their little pranks. Sometimes the boys tie their sister in bed, or steal her shoes, or lock her into her room. But these jokes are all taken good-naturedly.

Often it is the children who gather the grain in the autumn for the birds' Christmas dinner, or save their pennies to buy it with. On Christmas, too, the dog has his chain taken off and the cows are fed twice as much as usual. In all this the children delight to take part.

On Christmas night there is a sudden rap at the

door and in rush a number of maskers, who make jokes and sing songs until the ale is passed, when they disappear as suddenly as they came. Finally the time comes for the children to form a procession and march around the tree, singing carols as they march. Before the presents are distributed, however, they sit down, each child being allowed to go to the tree for his gift when his name is called.

Norway has a kind of Santa Claus—though not one like ours—who gives presents. Nys is his name, and he is a sort of brownie, though he is often represented as having a long white beard and white hair, a jolly face and dress of fur. Nys is a cheery old fellow, if only he can have his own way, but one must be careful not to cross him. Christmas Eve is his very own, so special pains are taken to please him by setting his favorite dishes outside the door for him. These are pudding and Yule cakes. Of course he can pass through a door though it be barred, but he wishes to find his food waiting for him outside. If it is not there, woe be to that household! The farm animals, perhaps, will all be tired the next day because Nys has been playing tricks upon them and keeping them awake; or perhaps everything around the barn will be in confusion.

If, however, Nys finds his Yule dish outside, often the chores are all done when the father goes to the barn in the morning. The horses have been curried the wood split, and the cows milked, having given two or three times the usual amount of milk. One must never speak of Nys above a whisper, as that is particularly displeasing to him.

A NORWEGIAN WEDDING

And now most happily for us we have been invited to a Hardanger wedding, for at a Hardanger wedding we shall see the gayest of all Norwegian bridal costumes. Our good landlady knows how interested we are, and has asked the privilege of taking us with her to see a young friend of hers married.

We set out early for the fjord, for the wedding party are to come by boat, and we are anxious that no part of this interesting ceremony escape us. Soon they come around a turn in the fjord. The boat ahead contains the bride and groom, and is trimmed with flags and garlands of bright flowers, and gay streamers at the mast-head. It is a twenty-oared boat and holds nearly all the party, though three or four small boats follow at a little distance.

The bride and groom sit on a raised seat in the stern, and look very happy and gay in their bridal costumes. The bride wears a white waist, with full sleeves gathered into a band at the wrist and over this a bright red gold-embroidered bodice with straps over the shoulder and trimming of gold lace. It is something the shape of the bib of a kitchen apron. The girdle is embroidered to match the bodice. Three stripes of embroidery down the front trim the white apron, which is worn over a full dark-green skirt.

The bride also wears the quaint old silver brooches, rings, and pendants, and the rich silver crown that have all been in her family for generations, perhaps for centuries. The crown is of filigree with little bars topped with silver balls standing high and flar-

ing at the top. From these hang little chains with scalloped ornaments at the ends, which dangle back and forth with every move of the head.

A short round jacket fastened with one button below the neck, but having rows of silver buttons at the side, is a part of the bridegroom's costume. His waistcoat has the same kind of buttons, only smaller, while etiquette seems to prescribe trousers of homespun ending at the knee, and shoes with buckles. A tall felt hat completes his costume.

The church floor is strewn with juniper twigs. A long black gown and big white ruff is the costume worn by the minister. His sober dress sets off well the gay costume of the bride and groom. Although we do not understand all the ceremony, it seems very solemn and impressive.

The bridal party go home as they came, in their boats, the rowers singing native songs as they row.

When they return to the bride's home there will be great doings, with a big feast, firing of guns, and dancing. Besides flat-bread, many kinds of meat, fish, and cheese, salads, and desserts, one of the great dainties will be *smörbrod*. This is above all a wedding dish. In olden times the wedding festival used to last a whole week.

It is the custom here in Norway for the groom to carve the beautiful family treasure chest, and also to cut mottoes over the doors and on the bed-posts. These carvings are long treasured in the family, like the silver crowns and brooches. Over a doorway is sometimes carved this motto: "God save this house; bless also all who go in and all who go out here."

NORSE VIKINGS

The ancient Vikings furnish the most interesting chapter in all Norwegian history. Every one has heard or read of them. Some of us, indeed, saw the Viking ship which Norway sent to the Columbian Exposition. In the museum of the University of Christiania is the vessel—more than a thousand years old—after which the Columbian ship was modeled.

The Vikings, as we know, lived long ago. They were bold Scandinavian seamen who sailed in their quaint boats to the shores of other countries, first to plunder, and finally to settle. The word *vik* in Old Norse meant *creek*, so the Vikings were lords of the creeks and the fjords.

The old Viking ships were long and narrow, with a high prow and stern terminating in a carved figure, usually a dragon's head. These figure-heads were nearly always painted in bright colors, as were, also, the great round wooden shields along the side of the ship. Red, white and black were favorite shield-colors. These old vessels were often large enough to carry a hundred or more men.

At the end of the eighth century the Norsemen learned the use of sails from the Romans, and very picturesque their ships then looked. Sometimes the sails were white, but usually they were of bright colors, and often gayly striped. A preparation of oil and tar was smeared over them, as the sails of fishing boats to-day are sometimes treated, to prevent mildew.

With the Norsemen's adoption of sails began the

great Viking Age. The men of the north ventured across the sea and ravaged the coast of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and even the Mediterranean countries. For a thousand years one of the titles of the Norwegian ruler has been "King of the Goths," and King Oscar includes it in his title to-day.

The ancient Viking boat was not only the bold Norseman's home on the ocean wave, but his sepulcher as well. When a Viking died, he was laid in his ship (which had been drawn up on shore), his war-gear and drinking horn beside him, while near him were placed his faithful dog and war-steed. The vessel was headed toward the sea, so that when called once more into life by Odin, the chieftain might be ready to start upon another voyage over the waves he loved. The boat was covered with birch-bark, then with blue-clay and buried deep, with a mound of earth and stones to mark the spot.

In earlier times a Viking's burial was still more imposing. His beloved ship was anchored upon the shore and his body laid within. Not only were his jewels and weapons, and favorite steed placed beside him, but even his servants and members of his family took their stand upon the ship to meet death by the hero's side, for this was his funeral pyre. The vessel was set on fire and the anchor loosed. Then the ship, all aflame, drifted out into the sunset.

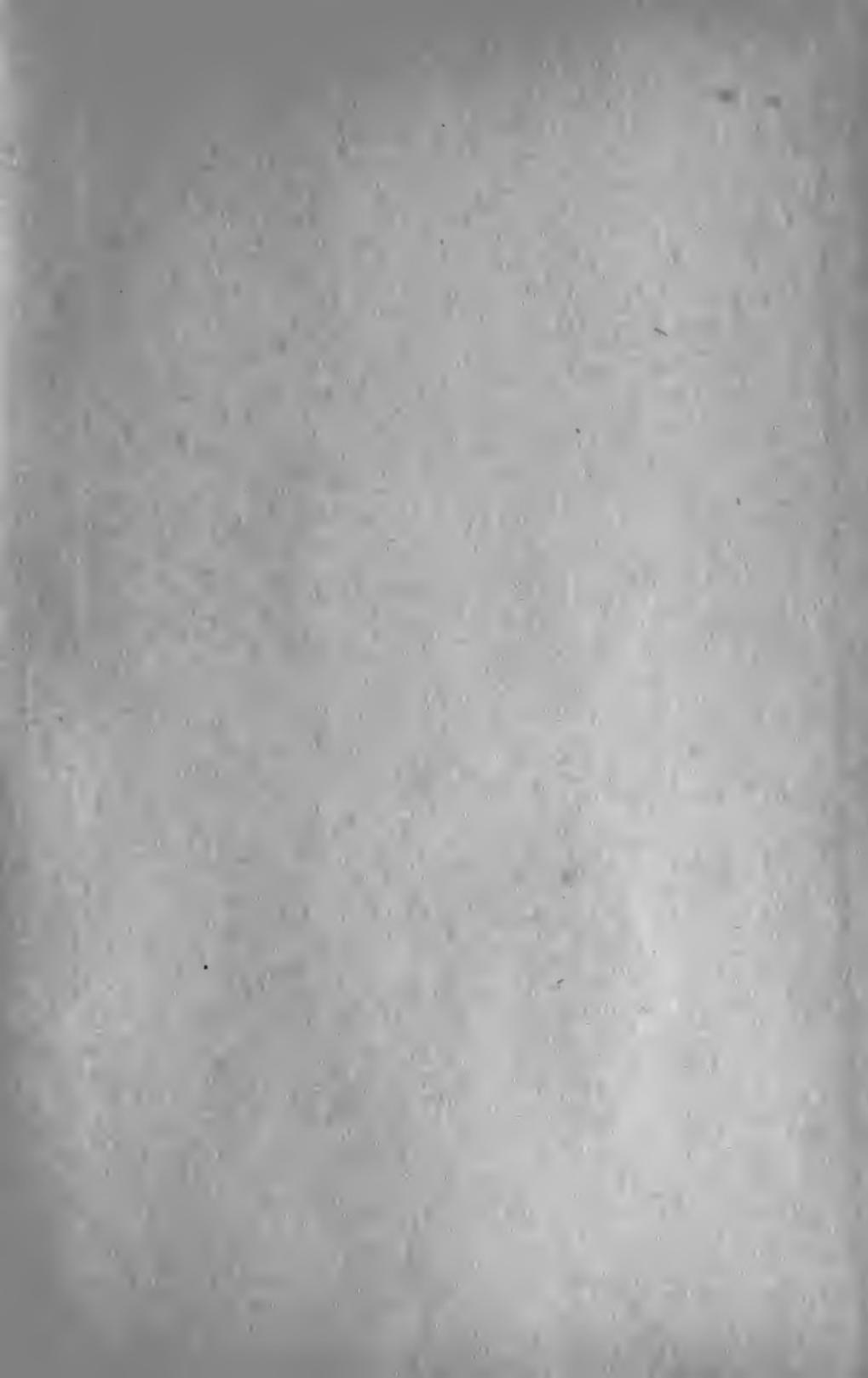
Not only did these bold Vikings plunder and subdue countries of Europe, but they even crossed the Atlantic in their high-prowed ships to Iceland, Greenland, and the mainland of America. To-day their descendants are coming by the thousands to America

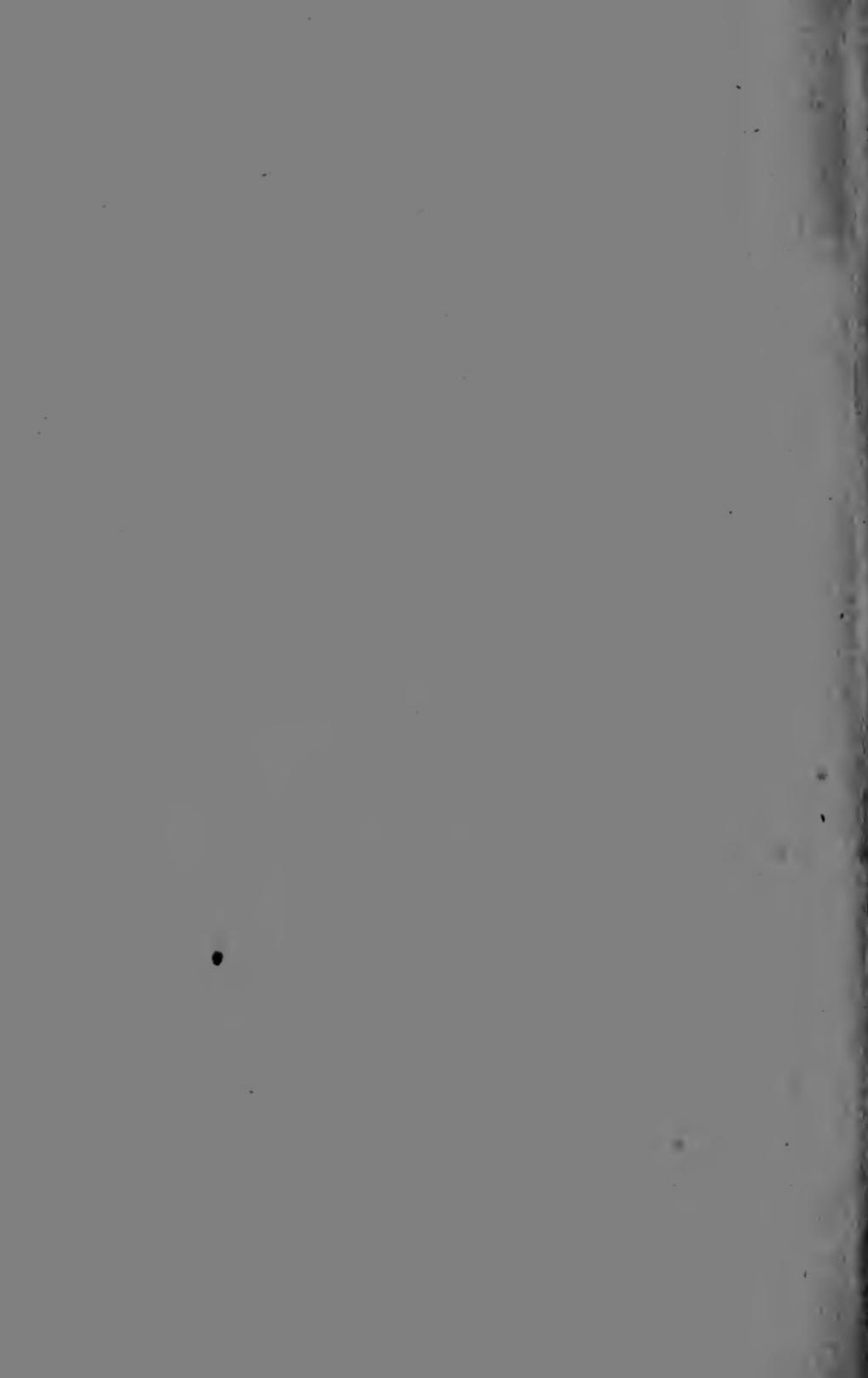
and finding homes, chiefly in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

Not only have the Norsemen made their own country great, but they have added much to our land. The home farms are so small and scanty, fishing so dangerous, and other occupations so crowded that many of the younger people have been forced to seek in America the opportunities they long for. Spring is the favorite season for emigration. Then the wharves of Norwegian ports are lined with those who are going to try their fortunes in other lands. Good Friday is the favorite sailing day, since these pious people believe that this holy day signifies the burial of all their past troubles and that the future will be like a glad Easter morning, when new life shall come to them.

But how can we leave this wonderful land—this land of mountains and ice-fields, of waterfalls and fjords, this land of the midnight sun—which has repaid us so many times over, for what seemed perhaps at times difficult traveling? Yet other lands await us and we must say farewell.

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